AUM

Point out the "Way"—however dimly,
and lost among the host—as does the evening
star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—*The Voice of the Silence*

THE ARYAN PATH

VOL. VIII APRIL 1937 No. 4

GODS, HEROES AND MEN

Are Gods, Saviours, Heroes, and other divine and semi-divine beings, no more than creatures of man's imagination? Are they, if they actually exist, what those who believe in them have pictured these supernal characters? Have they no being, no world, no field of action other than as men?

Certainly all these classes and instances of supernatural visitors have no standing in history, if by history we mean those carefully preserved museum relics exhibited in the encyclopædias, whose measurements correspond in all essentials to the dimensions we ourselves possess. But Nature constantly exercises her easements regardless of all our measures and bounds of what is credible and what incredible. Even the authorities, theological and scientific, which act as surveyors-general and regard as trespass any overstepping of their maps and termini—even these very authorities are, or should be, subject to their own law of estoppel. For the theologian rests his claims and sanctions in the last resort upon the very sources in some far past, which now he would throw out of court as without sufficient merit to justify a hearing. And our science is in no more stable case. Not one of its advances but has been a venture from the known into the unknown—and more. It ever trespasses not only upon the thus-far-and-no-farther of theology, of popular opinion, of the accredited facts and hearsay truths of history, but also against its own deeds and dicta of yesterday and this morning.

History, we might recall to our profit, originally meant an inquiry and investigation into fact and alleged facts, truth and alleged truths—not a mere obituary record of what once was but now no longer exists. On such a basis as this latter, history is the grossest of fictions, dealing with the greatest of imaginable illusions. What have the living to do with the "dead and

done for" ? Or with to-morrow ? The life of sense and sensation has naught of concern with past or future. There is neither religion nor science among the kingdoms below man—no yesterday, no morrow to their consciousness. Are their inhabitants any the less making history, repeating history, because "they know not what they do" ?

The past means something, the future portends something to all men, however little we may be able to record the one in our memory or read the other in our imagination. There is, there must be, a better way, a wiser way, therefore a truer way, of employing the powers we call memory, imagination, thought, than in the mere shuffling and reshuffling of their so far acquired products, as a miser his hoard, or in devoting them merely to enlarging the sphere of animal existence. Whatever we may conceive of Self and its limits of duration and capacity, there occurs every day from earliest childhood to the hour of death an unbroken sequence of the unexpected. All this is in "the womb of Time," and we are able to read as little of it as the fœtus hidden within the womb of its earthly mother can read of the larger life in which that mother shares. Surely no one has title to define the limits of the probable and improbable of Self and its powers, whose whole use of his mind is contingent upon the sanction of his physical senses, and whose whole conception of Self is contingent upon the possession of an earthly body.

When the immense historical categories of theology and materialism, miscalled religion and science, are surveyed for their own foundations and dimensions, a child can see their fatuity as compared and contrasted with the views and conduct of the divine Incarnations, or with the innate powers of man himself. Whatever our religion or our science, they are but developments, successive creations by the mind of man. Shall we worship the watch, the mere time-piece, or consider the watchmaker, the Being who conceives of endless Time itself, even while tenant in and identified with a body of temporary duration whose only existence to him lies in his senses or in his mind ?

So observed, no one can avoid perceiving that, in the most fantastic creations of an exuberant subjectivism, there is ever and always an element of the objective and real. It is to these elements themselves that we should give attention, if we would learn to recognize the features of Truth in the midst of the habiliments in which she has been decked by time and tradition. The imagination of the masses, disorderly and ill-regulated as it may be and may have been, could never have conceived and fabricated *ex nihilo* so many monstrous figures, such a wealth of extraordinary tales, had it —that mass-imagination—not had to serve it as a central nucleus those floating reminiscences, obscure and vague, which unite the broken links of the chain of time to form with them the mysterious dream foundation of our collective consciousness—that psychological hybrid named "human nature."

This body was once a gelatinous, and before that a nebulous mass, a

whirl of atoms—the creation out of surrounding material by a single cell, fecundated by the impact of, to it, two alien and unknown bodies of which that compound cell was nevertheless, but the moment before, an integral part. So our earth, so our solar system, so the Universe. Carrying the same analogy—the same *history*—into the world metaphysical, the genesis of mental existence begins with fecundation of the child consciousness by the impact of the idea of Self, thence, the same process of division, segmentation multiplication out of the enveloping mass of psychological material until we have the normal race-mind. Is all this, whether in the world of matter or the world of mind, miracle or chance or the " fortuitous concurrence of atoms " as Lucretius with Socratic irony suggested in his *De Rerum Natura* ? What, then, if Avatars and Heroes represent one pole in great Nature—the successive steps of *conscious* descent from the world of Spirit to that of Matter as we know it ? What if the corresponding and opposite pole were represented in the *unconscious* successive steps of ascent from the world of inchoate Matter to organized objective bodies ? What if the electric circuit were " closed " by the fusion of the two in Man himself, the " connecting link " between them ? Is this cosmic process of union, of fecundation, of genesis, ante-natal and post-natal existence, any more mysterious, any more irreligious or unscientific, any more incredible, than the process by which the inorganic becomes the organic, the protoplasmic cell the six-foot man ? That process too, by which we have become what we now are to both mind and sense—that process is as mysterious still as it ever was, as much a matter of opinion and speculation, not knowledge in any vital meaning. And so with death and disintegration, cosmically as well as organically. Everywhere is manifest the tendency, not merely to " run down," but to be born, to be re-assembled in the womb of Nature, " with the process of the suns." *This* is transmigration, metempsychosis, reincarnation.

" Communication between the living and the dead ? "

It goes on all the time, before our eyes of sense objectively, before the mind's eye subjectively. Is there no warrant, then, that the same process of continuity and change goes on before the eye of Soul or Self *consciously*—as well as unconsciously and dream-consciously ? What if the human Incarnation of Saviours and Heroes, of Gods and Demi-gods, were deliberate, volitional, knowing efforts to impregnate the mind of man with the divine seed of *conscious* immortality ? That we die, the most of us, life after life, with only a " dream foundation " for post-mortem existence, requires no evidence, for the majority of men are their own witnesses to the fact. That we go through this existence unfertilized by the heavenly pollen also requires no demonstration. That we were not born viable as to our own antecedent state and condition is equally of common negative certainty. All this is paralleled physiologically. But that germination and gestation do occur,

despite the wastage of vital essence, is likewise certain—or there would be no organic world. Apply the same parallelism psychologically, and, however little we know, all that we do know leads straight to the provisional inference that Demi-gods and Heroes are those who have received the divine influx and have not been barren to it.

Such a *conception* as this is possible to any man who has not already debased himself utterly, and but comparatively few do that in any given generation of men. Heroes are nearer to the Gods, but closer to us than those Gods themselves. Herein History joins her voice to that of Tradition and Inspiration and all three speak in unison to the hunger of the heart, the yearning of spiritual aspiration which is innate in every normal man, the Element of the divine in all Humanity. He who holds to this conception in his heart, as the mother holds the earthly seed in the adytum of organic existence—shall he not feel the quickening of the Spirit within, "in the course of time"? Who that studies History, who that observes Life, can fail to see what one upon this path of discovery once happily called "the Uplift of Heroes"?

The accessible records pertaining to the divine Incarnations are, in the theological sense, to be found in the great Scriptures which, so to say, form the title deeds under which authority is claimed by creed and sect. Internal evidence in the texts of each shows that the Scriptures accepted as canonical in the various religions are, in fact, not original writings, nor original impartations. Each contains its own evidences of compilation, of repetition from earlier sources. Back of all the great Scriptures must lie some common fountain-head, some Wisdom-Religion, some higher Order of Being, from which all these are derived.

In the same way, all that we know of Heroes comes to us in the great Epics. Each of these evidences internally that it is but a re-assemblage from still more ancient sources. The great bards have drawn from their unknown predecessors, as these latter from widespread and incredibly old material in the form of myths and legends, embodying either race-mind memories or imaginations. The modern critics, even the friendly-disposed, see in all these Epics what other critics see in the great Scriptures—more or less authentic recitals of the "lispings of infant humanity," as Max Müller characterized the ancient Vedic records. The same origins, then, are ascribed by the schools of scientific investigators to both Scriptures and Epics—the imagination of aboriginal peoples. Confronting these authorities, now as always so far as known, is the simple and incontrovertible fact that all primitive tribes are singularly devoid of creative imagination, but from generation to generation most tenacious of their inherited customs, habits, modes of thought and conduct. All this spells unmistakably, not imagination, but *memory*. Turning to the theological authorities in every great religion, one finds the same tenacity of received and inherited points of view. The purely theological mind is utterly

unimaginative, unquestioning, bound to the past. This also is *memory*.

Between the opposing schools of authoritative interpretation, the world has profited little. Some other light has to be sought by him who entertains the possibility that the great Scriptures and the great Epics are not all shell and no kernel, that they are not sterile as the sacred wheat in the mummy's hands, desiccated or desecrated by the materialist and the theologian. In all this great fund of literature, revealed and revealing, is constant evidence of symbolic speech, as carefully planned as the poetic measures of the great songs themselves. This mental and moral as well as spiritual picture-language has never yet been caught by any but the common people, the mystics and the seers among them—and these have as inevitably misread the facts of other worlds as they do of this, not in their sophistication but in their unwisdom. Equally with the evidences of origins other than the attributed ones, are the evidences in all the great classical writers as well as in Scriptures and Epics alike, of the continuous existence of the Mystery schools. Therein were taught, scientifically and demonstrably, the great truths concerning other worlds, other states of being, the processes of ascent and descent governing the different orders of Souls in their migrations and transmigrations.

The existence of these Mystery schools has never been denied, but what has been uniformly flouted by theologian and materialist alike has been the idea that the teachers and disciples in these Schools possessed any keys to Nature, past, present or future, inaccessible to themselves. Thus, on the one hand, we find every great Saviour speaking undisguisedly of the Mysteries, and unmistakably refusing to impart any other information regarding them than by allegory, parable, and ethical injunction which the most ordinary man could in part understand and in part apply. As unmistakably, we find these great Messengers opposed by the authorities of the times as would beyond doubt be the case today. For the Way of the Cross is no Appian highroad along which conquering legions march in ordered tread to fresh fields of exploitation.

All that is known of these Schools in any real sense is precisely—nothing. Their " secrecy and silence " have never yet been violated either from within or from without the sanctuary. Yet not alone the great Messengers have spoken of them. Many of the bards, many of the philosophers and historians of the West as of the East, have been Initiates of these Schools. Countless imitations have existed, in remote times as in the present, and more often than not these have been mistaken for the genuine by the learned as well as by the untutored. The genuine in anything, if of value, inevitably excites imitation more than it excites emulation—and mankind at large, now as always, makes a readier market for the vendor's wares. Far more are ready to listen to a pope than to a Christ, to a politician than to a patriot. Even the noblest of the purely human pursuits of ideals, that of the Law,—even jurisprudence—recognizes this note in

human nature, and countenances it, as the jeweller countenances the emerald—despite the flaws. Thus it is an accepted maxim of our Courts of Justice that " the Law, it would seem for the purpose of sharpening men's wits, tolerates a certain amount of lying in trade." That countenance is extended by human nature even into Religion and Science—where what are at best but the speculations of the authorities are, by the public, taken as unquestionable expositions. On all this, one of the Initiates of a still existing School has written :—

> Human nature in general is the same now as it was a million of years ago : prejudice based upon selfishness ; a general unwillingness to give up an established order of things for new modes of life and thought ; pride and stubborn resistance to Truth if it but upsets their previous notions of things—such are the characteristics of your age. The world's prejudices have to be conquered step by step, not at a rush. The door is always opened to the right man who knocks.

In all Scriptures and Epics, and in all the mythical genealogies as veiled in symbol and allegory, is the unvarying testimony personifying ante-natal and post-natal cosmic as well as human life and processes. One and all they portray the " War in Heaven" which ended in two opposed conditions of the hitherto divine and semi-divine Entities—the "Fallen Angels " and those " Sons of God " who did not fall but descended consciously into this " whirlpool of Souls," the Kabalistic *gilgoolem*. This is the same as the *chyuta* and *achyuta* of the ancient Aryan texts. This is that vast " Cycle of Incarnation " in which are concerned Gods, Demi-gods and the Souls called men.

All the theologies " begin at the beginning," but have lost the connecting links between Spirit and Matter. All the modern sciences have begun at the bottom and traced the unconnected evolution of the Kingdoms in matter from the inorganic to the organic, from dust to plant, from plant to animal, from animal to man. They too have missed the winding key that supplies the invisible impulse which bridges the gaps between these Kingdoms. Those missing links above and below are the secret of the sanctuary—in Nature as in the Mystery schools. Something shuts *us* off from ante-natal as from post-mortem perception —from Past and Future. The great lesson, the still unlearned lesson, taught by myth as by avatar, by poet and philosopher as by seer and Initiate—is that these horizons are not impassable, from below upwards as from above downwards, in full consciousness.

A SATIRIST'S APOLOGIA

[Good sense and perception of the ridiculous, mellowed by a genuine love for her fellow-men, permeate the stories of Stella Gibbons—*Cold Comfort* (Femina Vie Heureuse Prize, 1933), *Bassett, Miss Linsey and Pa.* Whatever her reader may miss in her of the novelist's artifice and technique, he is more than compensated by the limpid satirist in Miss Gibbons.

This charming, almost fascinating, *apologia* unveils the philosophy of Miss Gibbons. She holds " that life is simpler than we dare to believe," and to enable others to see it thus she warns her readers against " swollen souls and fat heads." Not being a cynic, she tries " not to be *chic* and original, but to tell the truth." She fails in the former because of her success in the latter—her *chic* and originality are striking, while the truth she utters is veiled ; but Truth is ever veiled.—EDS.]

I have been asked to write an article for THE ARYAN PATH, and told quite clearly what it is to be about. I am to say what I consider to be the place of satire in life ; and also how the art of satirizing affects the satirist and the satirized.

It is best to be candid, and to say at once with sincerity that I have a muddled mind, and find it difficult to grasp and express clearly ideas. That is why I have no definite political opinions, and why I avoid propaganda about politics and economics in my books. I only mock at the ordinary human follies which are many thousand years old ; I know what I think about them.

I say this in order that no reader of this article shall begin to read it under the delusion that he is reading something written by a clever woman. I have a weak memory, little logic, and an imperfect grasp of religious or political theory. I live by instinct, tempered with common sense and my will, and by a deep love of beauty and order.

Therefore this article, which must deal with ideas, will sound adolescently simple, though it does not deal with simple issues. Yet I feel that life is simpler than we dare to believe. It has the complex simplicity of a raindrop. The late G. K. Chesterton, one of my heroes, was a champion of this theory, though he did not express his belief in simplicity in a simple manner—except in his poetry. To say that life is simpler than we dare to believe sounds like the remark of a fool, and therefore it takes courage to say it ; no one enjoys being thought a shallow optimist. Yet I do say it, because I believe it, and in this article I want to say what I believe.

It will also be necessary to say something about my religious gropings ; and that I shall enjoy, though the readers may not.

It is not often that one gets a chance to talk about one's religious gropings. Listeners get solemn, bored, embarrassed, hungry-to-convert, or impatient, or else, after five minutes, a great light breaks over their faces and they cry :—" Why, you are a Catholic (or a Protestant or a Presbyterian or a Scientific Progressive or a Unitarian or a Theosophist or a Buddhist or a James Jeansite) and you don't realise it ! "

No, I do not realise it ; because it

is not true. I have no religion, only a hunger for religion ; I have no belief, only a thirst to believe. My temperament naturally inclines towards a gorgeous Pantheism, darkened by an acute sense of the evil and suffering in the world. I am not serene enough to be a Pagan ; I wish that I were.

When I was a very young woman I found Pantheism completely satisfying. I can say, with truth, that I knew God. Now He is no longer there, and only the longing for Him is left. I believe in Him, but I cannot feel His presence. Perhaps this is because my personal life is utterly, sweetly happy—and I thank Him for that. But He is not in it. If I had to seek Him for consolation, perhaps I should find Him again, but I do not think so. His face is hidden from me ; and I am not clever enough, or strong-willed enough, to force Him, by prayer and meditation, to unveil it. " If poetry comes not as naturally as leaves to a tree, it had best not come at all." As Keats felt about poetry, I feel about God.

I believe that I can no longer feel God's presence because I am so flinchingly conscious, day and night, ceaselessly, of the sufferings, in this world, of the innocent.

This is perhaps the most common, foolish and oldest reason for failing to find God, but I cannot, because of that, deny that it is my reason. It would be more interesting if I had some *chic* and entirely original reason for my failure to feel God, but I am trying not to be *chic* and original, but to tell the truth, which is a difficult task.

So far as I am concerned, the sufferings of innocence are the one blot upon God's scheme. I accept pain, death, and the unbroken sleep in darkness which I believe that death is, but the sufferings of innocence I cannot accept. Like millions before me, I can only say that God is Inscrutable.

Unfortunately, while saying and believing that He is Inscrutable, I also have a fervent desire to say that He is Good, and to praise Him for the blessings He has poured out before mankind in this exquisitely beautiful world. But I cannot praise, with a light heart, an Inscrutable Spirit that sometimes behaves, or seems to behave like a devil, and so my state is most inharmonious.

I cannot believe that God loves us ; I can only believe that He feels satisfaction when we are brave, when we develop the muscles of our soul and at the same time make full use of the joys He has given us here. I imagine Him feeling the same mixture of pride and self-congratulation that the owner of a gallant racehorse must feel—but that feeling is not love.

I am sorry if these remarks are in bad taste, and if they offend some readers as blasphemous and pert. I am trying to tell the truth.

As I can only feel an awed respect, mingled with gratitude and anger, for God, I naturally turn my impatience with God away from God and towards Man, and here there is something I can be most satisfyingly impatient with.

For the sufferings of the innocent, enormous as they are, need not be quite so enormous if Man were not so greedy, falsely romantic, and insanely conceited, and it is the busi-

ness of the satirist, and the function of satire, to blow like a great wind over man, in angry laughter.

Man's folly affects different people in different ways. It makes some people want to weep, others to pray ; some would like to see every one psycho-analyzed at the age of three, others would like to see large numbers of persons put against walls and shot. Some want the foolish and the wicked to be treated as though they were ill ; some think that if every one had enough to eat, all vice and folly would cease ; others think that if we had a world ruled by benevolent tyrants, a Dictator of the State, the fools and the wicked could be dragooned into good behaviour.

But the satirist, who is different as one type can be from another to the cynic, thinks that the best way to deal with wicked fools is by laughing angrily at them, in a kind of white-heat of common sense, and that is what he does. A great satirist like Pope or Swift hates humanity because it falls so far short of what it might be ; a minor satirist like myself gets impatient with humanity, but cannot help loving it, all the same, because, in the grotesque glory of these creatures, each exulting in its own wormishness, I see the hand of God who made them, and who am I that I should hate His creatures ? Two sayings, like themes of music, run through all my writing and thinking. One is the rueful, gleeful cry of Puck—

" Lord ! what fools these mortals be ! "

The other is the grave Eastern saying, solemn as the muezzin's cry—

Praise be to Allah for the diversity of His Creatures.

Because I love humanity, I only want to knock it with the flat of my sword, not, as Swift did, to sweep its head off. Because I know how strong my love for my fellow creatures is, I get very angry when reviewers call me " cruel "—as though the only way in which love could be shown was through a solemn sloppiness, a " divine compassion " from which the person who feels it gets a number-one sized kick and the person for whom it is felt gets no kick at all, but goes away feeling that they want to behave worse than ever.

The satirist is a religious man. True, he laughs at everything with his angry sane laughter, but he laughs because he sees how bounteous is the feast that God has set before man, and how contemptuous man is of it, turning from the pearls like the swine he is. " *This,*" says the satirist, neatly impaling someone on his pen, " *this* is the chap who wants something better than life. Oblige me by looking at him. Wouldn't think he had it in him, would you ? Oh, but he has ; he's a devil of a fellow when he's roused."

I agree passionately with Chesterton, who says in his autobiography that we should be grateful for the gift of the dandelion, not despise it, or insist that we have a right to orchids instead ; and the people with whom I am angriest (next to the people who are cruel) are those for whom their daily bread is not enough—the Don Juans, the Hedda Gablers, the Sparkenbrokes, solemn false-romantics with swollen souls and fat heads.

As to the effect of writing satire

upon the character of the satirist, I find this a difficult point to discuss, because satire is a natural quality in a writer's nature, not one which he acquires. I suppose, even when I was youngest and most solemn, I always had a satirical streak, which grew stronger as I grew older and calmer. I remember being capable of seeing myself, even when I was most wretched, with a detached, wry amusement. I never felt bitter, either about Fate or about my fellow beings. Bitterness seems to me the sin against the Holy Ghost, because it is a denial of life. I had a horror of growing bitter ; I carefully checked the beginnings of bitter moods in myself and laughed instead ; and gradually, out of my satirical laughter, grew patience, and philosophy, and even a kind of happiness rooted so deeply in a detached appreciation of life's comedy that I hope it will never desert me—though I cannot be sure.

I dislike solemnity ; it is the second quality after cruelty in a person that repels me, but some times I envy people with a broad streak of solemnity in their nature, because they are capable of writing tragedy, and I feel that a writer ought to be able to write tragedy, as well as comedy.

My tragic scenes are never tragic ; they are shot with comedy like pigeon-silk. I tone them down and tone them down until the pure tragic note has gone, and what is left is like life, perhaps, but it is not art ; and because I do this almost against my will, I take it as proof that my talent is truly satiric, a sword of angry laughter raised to fight for common sense.

So the effects of writing satire (that is, of expressing one side of their nature) upon a naturally satiric person is to dry up their romantic, expansive, self-indulgent powers and teach them patience, philosophy and self-control. These qualities are not contained in the satirical work itself, but they grow out of it, in the nature of the writer who creates it.

I regret the drying-up of the romantic, expansive powers, but if they had been strong enough to defeat the satirical streak in me, they would have taken charge of my writing, and my books would have been different.

I do not suppose that my satire has a stunning effect upon the people whom I satirize, because I doubt if they read my works and, if they do read them, I doubt if they recognize themselves. When we were children, during the War, we used to buy groceries from a corner shop in Kentish Town, kept by a little man with a red moustache, and one morning, after an air raid during which bombs had been dropped a mile from his corner, my mother asked him " Were you afraid, Mr. Dash, when the aeroplanes were overhead ? " " Well, no, Mrs. Gibbons," replied Mr. Dash. " You see, *I never thinks they'll fall on me.*"

The satirized people are like the grocer ; they simply do not believe that the satirists are aiming at them, and the darts, far from glancing off them, never hit them at all.

It would be gratifying if I could picture the victims of my pen dashing down the book and swearing never to be such solemn asses again, but my imagination, which is in

pretty good training, will not take the fence.

It may well be said, after this frank admission : why do you go on writing satirical novels, if you think that the people who are pilloried in them do not know that they are being pilloried ? Well, I write them first of all because I enjoy writing better than anything in the world ; and because I am told that other people enjoy them, too ; and last (which no one will believe) I write because it earns money, which is a useful thing to have, as any one knows.

Great satirists do not directly influence the fools and knaves they satirize, but perhaps their books have an effect upon the intelligent among their readers, making them think, showing them what they might become. They serve to prevent if not to cure. The influence of books upon thoughtful readers is very great, though perhaps unconsciously experienced. Flaubert, giving the other side of the picture, did not exaggerate when he drew a woman sodden and drunk and finally destroyed by the reading of falsely-romantic novels. Light as air though my own work is, I feel a responsibility : I imagine that Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, a fine artist whose work is one long joy, feels a sense of responsibility, too. It does not do to go hurling silly, dangerous, solemn nonsense out into the world of readers. It does not do to exalt vice, to excuse anything on the grounds of pity, to paint the world black as pitch or bright with rose, or even, in the contemporary fashion, a displeasing shade of greyish-pea-green. While I can hold a pen, I will tell the truth about the world as I see it ; and if I see it in the keen silver light of satire, that is the natural colour of my sight. I can only be true to it.

STELLA GIBBONS

To a man of the west I said :
It is not sufficient to do.
To a man of the east I said :
It is not sufficient to know.
To a man of the south I said :
It is not sufficient to feel.

It suffices to be.
And the most perfect being,
Is he that knows and feels and acts,
To perfection.

FRANK TOWNSHEND

THE SONG OF THE HIGHER LIFE

THE YOGA OF DEVOTION

[Below we publish the thirteenth of a series of essays founded on the great text-book of Practical Occultism, the *Bhagavad-Gita*. Each of these discusses a title of one of the eighteen chapters of the Song Celestial. The writer calls them "Notes on the Chapter Titles of the Gita"—but they are more than notes. They bring a practical message born of study and experience.

This particular instalment is a study of the twelfth chapter, Bhakti Yoga.

Sri Krishna Prem is the name taken in the old traditional manner prevailing in India by a young English gentleman when he resolved to enter the path of Vairagya, renouncing his all, including the name given to him at birth. He took his tripos at Cambridge in Mental and Moral Sciences and is a deep student of Indian Philosophy. Away from the world but serving it with faith he lives in the Himalayas, and is esteemed highly for his sincerity, earnestness and devotion.—EDS.]

It has already been pointed out that the Vision of the Cosmic Form is not the same as the attainment of the final Goal. To interpret this or the Beatific Vision of western mysticism as the Goal would be to ignore the whole structure of the *Gita*. The Vision is, what it purports to be, a Vision, not the attainment, and we have seen that, at its end, the disciple returns to the lower level, the level of Form, once more. Before the Goal is reached he will have to learn to live entirely in the Reality, so to transmute his whole nature that not an atom of the lower shall remain unredeemed. This subject, however, will be taken up in its proper place, at the commencement of the next chapter. In the meanwhile we have to deal with a certain problem that has arisen out of the experience of this Vision.

The disciple has seen the great Cosmic Form, the *Mighty Âtman*, the One Life manifesting in the world of beings, and he has been told (XI, 54) that by devotion alone can that Form be seen and entered. At the same time, he has also caught a glimpse (XI, 37) of the unchanging Unmanifest behind the Cosmic process and the doubt occurs to him whether this devotion to the Manifested Form, this acting for the One Life in the hearts of all can ever lead him beyond the Manifest. Doubtless, devotion to the Life of all will take him to that Life; but will it take him further? Will it not leave him there, just as devotion to the Gods strands men in the enjoyment of heavenly bliss? Knowing that beyond even that *Mighty Âtman* lies the Indestructible Unmanifest, should not he rather resolutely turn his back on all Manifestation, abstract himself from every trace of form and bend all his energies on one supreme attempt to bring about the flight of the alone to the Alone? Are these two separate Paths and, if so, which is better?

To this question Krishna replies that both he who is devoted to Himself as the One Life in all, and he who worships the Ineffable, Unthinkable, Eternal attain to Him but that the latter is a Path of surpassing difficulty for those who are embodied,

that is to say for those who have the slightest trace of self-identification with their bodies.

To understand this answer we must remember that in chapter III, verses 4 *et seq.*, the attempt to win through to the Unmanifested Goal by a process of pure abstraction and inactivity, the method of some *Sānkhyas*, has been condemned as utterly impracticable. Certainly it is not by turning one's back on all activity and refusing any commerce with form of any kind that the Unmanifest is reached, for such a process is impossible. It may be possible to toy in thought with such a path but in reality it is no Path at all. The Homeward Path must be a gathering up of all the cosmic Fruits, not a retreat, negating all experience, as if the Cosmic Process were a cosmic blunder which never should have been.

There is, in fact, but one Path and if we compare verse 4 of the present chapter which defines the character of him who worships the Unmanifest with verses 13-19 which give the character of him who is devoted to the Life in all, we see that they are, in effect, the same.

Not by attempting an impossible rejection of the world of sense experience but by "restraining and subduing the senses," not by trying to turn his back on all forms but by "regarding all forms with an equal vision," not by achieving a stony indifference to the joys and sorrows of the world but by being "devoted to the welfare of all beings," does the true worshipper of the Unmanifest Eternal attain his Goal.

If, then, both Paths are essentially the same, wherein lies the special difficulty of the Path of the Unmanifested? It lies in the fact that the worshipper of the Unmanifested has nothing to which he can fasten his mind, for that One is beyond all objects of sense, beyond even all concepts of the mind. The point has been excellently stated by Plotinus.

> The main difficulty is that awareness of this Principle [*i.e.*, the One] comes neither by knowing nor by the pure Intellection (*noësis*) that discovers the Intellectual Beings [the spiritual Powers seen in the Vision], but by a presence over-passing all knowledge....Our way takes us beyond all knowing; there may be no wandering from Unity; knowing and knowable must all be left aside; every object of thought, even the highest, we must pass by, for all that is good is later than This and derives from This as from the sun all the light of day.*

Even if the disciple thinks of It as God or as the Eternal Mind he still, as Plotinus says, "thinks of It too meanly," for "God" connotes ideas of personality and the Eternal Mind is "lower" than the One, being the level of the Cosmic Ideation. Into that Silence how shall the disciple soar, what steps are there to help him on his way? Not only is the One beyond all thought but also the great wings which bear the soul upon its upward flight, the wings of love, beat vainly in that Void and the bruised soul falls back in desolation, losing the forms but finding not the One beyond all form.

Fatally easy is it for the soul to sink back on the earth, loveless and

* Plotinus VI, 9. 3. (Mackenna's translation); the parts in brackets are for clearness.

sterile. Appearances may be preserved but yet the heart within is eaten all away and the disciple treads the *false* unmanifested Path, rejecting forms as *māyā*, fearing even to do an act of mercy lest some bondage for his soul be the result.

Therefore Sri Krishna recommends the other Path, the manifested Path through the One Life. The One is the same One, the Goal the same, but on this Path that One is manifest within the hearts of all. This is the way that Plato, too, has mentioned, rising from love of one to love of many, from love of form to love of spiritual beauty and so by steps to That which is beyond. This also is the Path the *Gopis* trod, first loving Krishna in His sensuous beauty, then feeling Him in their own hearts and, lastly, with all self-hood gone, rising to union with the One Eternal.*

On this Path the disciple does all actions not for himself but for the one loved Figure. For love he acts, for love he speaks and thinks, and so by love he rises swiftly to the Goal. Where there is love no sacrifice can be too great to be performed with joy. Even animals will give their lives for love and countless men have gladly gone to hideous deaths, counting their pains a privilege that so the loved one, country, man, or God, be served thereby.

> In this is seen why there is hope for man
> And where we hold the wheel of life at will.‡

Here is the power lying in all men's hearts by which to scale the peaks of the Eternal. But, as its place within the *Gita* shows, there must first be some knowledge, some desire to tread the inward Path and reach the Goal. Without this knowledge, faith or aspiration, there is no urge to soar beyond the body, and love itself, dragged in the dust by self, turns to desire and works a hideous ruin.

Nevertheless, if guided by knowledge and aspiration, there is no force which will so powerfully bear the soul upwards as that of love. This can be seen by its power to transmute and render beautiful, if only temporarily, the lives of even quite ordinary men. A selflessness which may take the *yogi* many years of effort to attain along the path of conscious mind-control and which, even then, may be a hothouse plant, constantly menaced by the cold wind which comes from fancying oneself a being apart from other men, may grow quite healthily like a great forest tree in the rich soil of love.

It is just the absence of knowledge and aspiration that makes the transmuting power of love so short-lived as a rule. Love which has power, when guided by true knowledge, to carry even the body upwards with it in its soaring flight, is blinded and its wings are clipped by the dark ignorance that sees no reality but that of outward things. Thus it falls down upon the earth only to share the fate of all things earthly :—

> And or ever the garden's last petals are shed,
> In the lips that had whispered, the hearts that had lightened,
> Love lies dead.

* For substantiation of this view, one which runs counter to some accepted ideas, read *Srimad Bhagawata*, x, 29, v. 12 ; x, 47, v. 9 (and many others); x, 82, v. 48 which clearly set forth these three stages. For the middle stage many references might be given.

‡ *Light of Asia*. The original reads "thee" not "this."

Therefore Sri Krishna urges the disciple to place his mind, united with the *buddhi*, in Him and thus to live in the immortal life that is in all. This "Him" will be at first the human form that draws in love the heart of the disciple. That Form, idealised by love and worship, will be a symbol of the Eternal Mind and will transform into Itself the human soul. Once more to quote Plotinus :—

> We shape ourselves into the *Nous* (Eternal Mind) ; we make over our soul in trust to *Nous* and set it firmly in That ; then what That sees, the soul will waken to see ; it is through *Nous* that we have vision of the Unity.

Thus, *if the eye of knowledge has been opened*, the Form will seat itself within the heart and be a window through which the soul takes flight into the blue.

The power to centre all the being in the Eternal Mind will not, however, be attained at once. *Abhyāsa* or constant practice is required. The process is described in *Shvetāshwatara Upanishad* with the aid of a metaphor taken from the production of fire by the friction of two sticks :—

> Having made one's body (the lower self) the lower fire-stick and the *Pranava* (the symbol of the Light of consciousness) the upper, by the friction of continued practice (abhyāsa) of meditation, one should see the God hidden within.

In plain words, the practice is one of constant withdrawal from the desire nature and constant self-identification with the higher levels. This effort is twofold. In the first place there must be the effort to churn out the fire, as it were ; the attempt to isolate by analytic meditation on experience the watching Self from the participating self. In the second place there must be the effort of the will to identify one's being with the former and from there to rule the latter. If this twofold practice is persisted in it will inevitably culminate in the ability to centre oneself permanently in the Eternal Mind.

If, however, the disciple finds himself as yet unable to perform this meditative practice, he should devote himself to Krishna's service. All life, whether in men, in animals or plants, is a manifestation of the One Eternal Life which in a thousand forms seeks to express Itself in mastery of matter. Behind the struggling forms, behind the petty personalities of men, surge the great tides of Life, beating in restless power against the narrow confines of the forms. Let the disciple live in such a way that all his acts will help that Life to manifest. Let him "help Nature and work on with her," striving incessantly with all the obstacles that thwart the beauty, bliss and power that are, even now, within the hearts of all. And thus, forgetful of himself, a time will come when he will find himself one with that Life to which his heart is given ; performing all his deeds for Krishna's sake, he will attain the Goal.

If even selfless, love-inspired action is out of reach, yet one way still remains : he may perform his actions for himself but yet renounce the fruits. Unable to attain the level of action for the welfare of all beings, let him act for himself but from a sense of duty. Let him do what is right, resigning all the fruits into the hands of that disposing Power which

some call God, others Eternal Law.* In order to achieve this duty-prompted action he must take refuge in the *Yoga* of Krishna, the *Sovereign Yoga* in which the Eternal Light unites with forms and yet is ever separate. In practice this means that he must be refuged in the *buddhi*, the faculty which gives decisive knowledge.

This faculty is one that all possess though few make use of it. It is the Light that shines between the eyes, the Voice that speaks in silence in the heart. To see that Light the fleshly eyes must close, to hear that Voice the fleshly ears be deaf. Only when, for the time at least, the clamour of desire is stilled, can that internal monitor be heard which is the Voice of Krishna. Guided by that Voice the disciple will see before him the clear path of duty and, if he treads it, find himself beyond the conflict of his heart's desires.

This is the easiest path. To clamour for an easier one than this is to cry, child-like, for the moon, to flutter feeble wings against the iron ramparts of Eternity, to ask for what has never been nor, indeed, ever shall be. Renunciation of the fruits of action to follow duty's path has thus been praised as best because it is the easiest of all paths and, from its practice, all the rest will follow. Renouncing fruits, the heart will fill with peace and in that peace the *Yoga* of practice will be possible. From practice follows knowledge of the Truth and that unchanging state of meditation in which, waking or sleeping, in action or repose, the inner Self will live in the Eternal.

But some will ask why, at this stage, is all this talk of inability, why this insistence on the easier path ? Surely the earlier stages have been long ago accomplished ; has not the glorious Cosmic Form been seen ? Such a question shows a lack of knowledge about the way of climbing on this Path. Great heights, indeed, have been attained but not by the whole being. A climber on a mountain face first reaches for a hand-hold on the rock above him and, that having been securely grasped, pulls with great effort his whole body upwards. Just so the climber of the Path aspires with all that which is best in him, attains a hand-hold on the heights of vision, but then must pull his lower nature upwards till his whole being stands firmly on the summit.

Hence all the recapitulation in the teaching. That which was done for part must now be done again for the whole being that all may be regenerate, so that the flashing light of vision may change into the steady blazing of the sun shining beyond the darkness.

Sri Krishna now goes on to set forth, in verses thirteen to the end, the characteristics of the follower of the path of *bhakti*. It has already been stated that these characteristics are the same in substance as those of the follower of the *true* path of the Unmanifested. Too often is the path of *bhakti* mistaken for an abandonment to a frothy, uncontrolled emo-

* The difference between the former type of action and this is that, while the former disciple acts with the thought of service of the Life in all, the latter acts without any such definite thought but does what seems to be right for him himself. The former feeds the hungry out of love, the latter because he knows that it is right to be charitable.

tionalism. What the real path of *bhakti* is may be seen from a study of these verses. The qualities enumerated must be built into his character by the disciple.

Bearing ill-will to none, he looks on all with love and great compassion for he knows that He who smiles as friend and He who frowns as foe are One, the One great Life, struggling to manifest through countless passing forms.

Knowing that all that comes to him of joy or grief is but the fruit of his own actions in the past, he is content and strives for nothing finite but, with the mind clinging through *buddhi* to the One Eternal, stands like a rock amidst the surge of Time. To none is he a source of grief nor does he let himself feel grief at others' words or deeds, for he knows well that pain inevitably returns to him who caused it and he cares not to be the cause of pain, even the unwitting cause, to those who are in fact his own true Self. He who feels grief at others' words is like a wall reflecting back that grief upon the causer, but he who puts aside all fear, elation or impatient anger makes himself like the sea which buries all in peace. By this means the sum of pain and hatred in the world is actually decreased and thus we understand the meaning of the Buddha's words : "Not by hatred but by love does hatred end ; this the eternal Law."

Seeking nothing for himself, he renounces every undertaking, that is to say, he renounces the fruit of all his actions for, as will be shown later,* the renunciation of action itself is neither fitting nor even possible for one who is embodied. Acting solely for the One who is in all, his acts are expert, passionless and pure. Note the word "expert" (*daksha*). There are some who in the name of devotion give up their grip on life and muddle through all things making spirituality an excuse for unpracticalness. The true disciple is no mere ecstatic dreamer, one so dazzled by the white eternal Light that he sees not his way among the shadows here. Rather, since "*yoga* is skill in action," he shows by the fact that he performs all actions better than other men, that this Path leads to mastery of the world, not to a weak withdrawal.

If skill in action is one of the definitions of *yoga,* balance of mind (*samatwa*) is the other.† The ordinary man is ruled by the pairs of opposites, cold and heat, pleasure and pain, friendship and enmity, attraction and repulsion. His life is one perpetual oscillation between these pairs but the *yogi* is one whose mind is balanced beyond their sway and whose life is guided, not by the blind forces of attraction and repulsion, but by one deep-seated urge to give himself in service of the one great Life of all.

Even ideas of good and evil, as those words are understood by men, no longer sway his acts. Those two great words, which all invoke so freely to justify their acts or to condemn their enemies, are, at the best, constructions of the mind, and he now lives rooted in realms beyond. He thus transcends them both and

* See *Gita* XVIII, verses 2 and 11 where the subject is treated in full.
† *Gita* II, verse 48.

knows but one great Law, to help the play of the Eternal Life as It shines forth or hides Itself in forms.

Whether his actions bring him praise or blame, whether they harmonise with men's ideas of moral law or, as may sometimes happen, they depart entirely from what most men, even most good men, think right, is a matter of indifference to him. This may seem dangerous doctrine but it is the truth. What most men call ethics is an affair of actions and their consequences and, as we have seen, the disciple is one who has renounced all concern with personal consequences. He is not lawless for he knows one all-transcending Law—obedience to the voice of the Great Teacher in his heart.* That Soundless Voice, speaking within his heart, drowns for him all the clamorous judgments of the world. Listening ever to the Voice of that inner Lord, he pursues his way " unperturbed as the earth is unperturbed, firm as a pillar, clear as a waveless lake.† Like the pure mountain air that blows among the pines, fertilising all and yet attached to none, so the disciple moves about amidst the throng of men. Whether he lives in crowded cities or on lonely mountain peaks, he is a Homeless One, for, though he may fulfil all social duties, yet neither family, nor caste, nor race holds him in bondage. In the words of Hermes he is " one who has struck his tent," and though he may not wear the outer garb of a *sanyāsi*, yet of no place in all the world does he feel " this is mine ; here I belong."

Such is the path of *bhakti*. Those who follow it, not for the sake of their own soul's salvation, but as the service ‡ of that one Eternal Wisdom which gives true Life to all who drink its waters, they, the beloved disciples, shine like lights amidst the darkness, servants of the Eternal, crest-jewels of the world.

SRI KRISHNA PREM

* This should not be taken as supporting ordinary amorality. These words apply *solely* to the disciple who is selfless enough always to hear the Voice of the Teacher, balanced enough always to discriminate it from other voices, and devoted enough always to obey its commands. Till then, no merely intellectual insight into their limitations should justify a man in disregarding the accepted moral laws. The fate that overtook Nietzche stands as a solemn warning.

† *Dhammapada* 95.

‡ The word *paryupāsana* has the primary meaning of " to attend upon," " to serve." The usual rendering as " worship " is a secondary one and obscures the meaning here.

ON BEHAVIOURISM

A NOTE

[**Gerald Bullett** is well known as novelist, essayist and critic. He has been writing since he was quite a young man, his first novel, *The Progress of Kay*, being published in 1916. Since then he has written many works of fiction or of criticism among which may be mentioned *The Story of English Literature* (1935) and *The Snare of the Fowler* (1936); he has also been a contributor to many of the leading literary journals. He has written that his recreation is "staring at rural England." Perhaps it is partly due to such "staring" that we owe the very interesting "Note" that we have secured from his pen.—EDS.]

Behaviourism belongs not to psychology as the term has been hitherto understood, but to physiology. It is, in fact, nothing more or less than a specialized branch of physiology. There are two alternative ways of regarding behaviourism. We may regard it, and respect it, as a methodological discipline; or we may, as the chief of its exponents seems to do, regard it as an attempt to tell the whole truth about human nature. Hitherto psychology has been defined in terms of "mind" or "consciousness." The behaviourist has no use for these concepts: he dismisses them as unnecessary and illegitimate. Let us, he says in effect, see what we can find out about human behaviour by the objective method: that is, by observing other people and rigidly excluding any consideration derived from introspection. By this excellent laboratory method, by applying various stimuli and measuring the responses, by examining various responses and discovering the stimuli that evoked them, a large number of new, interesting, and possibly valuable facts about human nature have been collected. Industrious experiment has proved that the fear-response in "unconditioned" infants is caused by two things only, a loud noise and withdrawal of support. Show a rat or a snake to a new-born baby, and he manifests no fear. Make a loud noise just behind the baby's head (a pleasant way of amusing yourself on a wet afternoon), and fear is manifested. This is an example of what is called an unlearned reaction. But if you exhibit your rat and make a noise at the same time, you will succeed, with a little perseverance, in subsequently evoking the fear reaction with the rat alone: a notable triumph. This is an example of a conditioned reflex. The conditioning of our primary reflexes begins, it is obvious, at the moment of birth, if not before; and it is the view of behaviourism that all human behaviour, a term which covers thinking and feeling as well as overt acts, is nothing but a physiological complex, or network, of conditioned reflexes. This is clearly the last word in materialism, and any materialism that stops short of it can be disregarded. It is also a most convincing *reductio ad absurdum* of materialism, and therefore something to be thankful for.

Dr. John B. Watson, to whom this

gratitude is chiefly due, argues his case with great vigour. He makes clear his conviction that the year 1912, which marked the advent of behaviourism, was the beginning of a new and bright era for mankind. The old conceptions, such trifles as "thought" and "memory," are disposed of once and for all : there is nothing left but physiology. What the psychologists have hitherto called thought, he assures us—

> is nothing but talking to ourselves... Thinking, on account of the concealed nature of the musculature with which it is done, has always been inaccessible to unaided observation and to direct experimentation. And there is always a strong inclination to attach a mystery to something you can't see. As new scientific facts are discovered we have fewer and fewer phenomena which cannot be observed, hence fewer and fewer pegs upon which to hang our folk-lore. The behaviourist advances a natural science theory about thinking which makes it just as simple, and just as much a part of biological processes, as tennis playing.*

What this theory amounts to is that thinking is a physiological activity, not identical with speech, nor even (I take it) with silent speech, but involving infinitesimal movements in those parts of the body which are engaged when actual speaking occurs. Dr. Watson himself admits that the theory has not yet been experimentally proved. What does not seem to have occurred to him is that it never *can* be experimentally proved. All that he can hope to prove is that thinking is *accompanied by* a series of physiological movements : its identity with such a series would still remain an open question. An open question, I mean, for the pure physical theorist : for the rest of us, being not bound by the behaviourist's methodological rule, thinking or consciousness is an immediate experience.

Dr. Watson is very severe with such notions. Having quoted William James's definition of psychology as "the description and explanation of states of consciousness as such," he remarks :—

> Starting with a definition which assumes what he starts out to prove, he escapes his difficulty by an *argumentum ad hominem*. Consciousness—oh yes, everybody must know what this "consciousness" is. When we have a sensation of red, a perception, a thought, when we *will* to do something, or when we *purpose* to do something, or when we desire to do something, we are being *conscious*. All other introspectionists are equally illogical. In other words, they do not tell us what consciousness is, but merely begin to put things into it by assumption ; and then when they come to analyze consciousness, naturally they find in it just what they put into it.

Now I am not concerned to defend William James, or to deny that such concepts as *will* and *purpose* admit of much debate. That is not the point. The point is that Dr. Watson here accuses his retrospective opponents of doing precisely what he himself has done. The accusation is not made good. William James, so far as his definition of psychology goes, doesn't assume what he sets out to prove : he assumes something that he calls consciousness, it is true, but to prove the fact of consciousness is not part of his endeavour. All thought must begin with an assumption of some kind. Dr. Watson is, on the other

* John B. Watson : *Behaviourism*.

hand, anxious to prove that psychological behaviour is mechanical, and he does begin by assuming that psychological behaviour is mechanical. He tells us, in plain terms, that behaviourism is a purely deterministic science : that, one gathers, is its peculiar distinction among psychological systems.

Determinism is a sufficiently large assumption, one would have thought ; but it is not the only assumption which Dr. Watson starts out with. He assumes the existence of an external world ; he assumes, without a moment's question, that rats, babies, muscles, viscera, and the rest of his apparatus, are precisely what they seem to be. Discussing the idea of soul, for which he says consciousness is only another word, he remarks :—

> No one has ever touched a soul, or has seen one in a test tube, or has in any way come into relationship with it as he has with the other objects of his daily experience.

There is surely something naïve in the implied double assumption (*a*) that seeing and touching are perfectly simple and unmysterious operations, and (*b*) that things seen and touched, and the instruments of seeing and touching, are somehow less dubitable than the mind that apprehends the process. What are these " objects of daily experience " of whose existence this philosopher is so well assured ? What is this room I'm sitting in, this book I'm handling ? What do I know of them beyond all shadow or possibility of doubt ? Nothing, except that they are present to my consciousness, that I seem to be seeing and touching them just as, last night in my dreams, I seemed to be riding on a griffin through the streets of Damascus. There is some reason to believe that the room and the book have a more actual existence than had the griffin of my dream, but the reason (which is very complicated) is not given in the experience itself. Dr. Watson holds that there is no such thing as mind or mental life. Yet it is obvious that mental life is the only thing of which he has immediate experience.

Here, to be strictly logical, one should speak only for oneself. I can doubt, if I so choose, the independent reality of all appearances ; I can doubt the existence of the physical world ; I can doubt the existence of my own body and of other minds. I can even carry scepticism so far as to be able to attach no meaning to this " I." Descartes's *I think, therefore I am* is a far more elaborate proposition than it seems. Especially does the *therefore* seem out of place. Remove the word and you get virtually a series of synonyms ; for in immediate (*i. e.*, unmediated) experience " I " *is* " thinking " and " am " is " thinking," if for the purpose of this argument we equate " thinking " with " being conscious " (in all its degrees). What Dr. Watson says in effect is : " I think that I think, but I don't really think. What really happens is a series of thoughtless physiological movements."

This heroic attempt at mental suicide cannot help but defeat itself. To call consciousness an illusion is mere " hokum " (to borrow a word from Dr. Watson). For to have the illusion of consciousness is to be con-

scious : that which is unconscious is incapable of being illuded. To assert the contrary is like saying that you seem to have a cold in the head without having a head. The behaviourist's whole argument is a refutation of the theory he labours to establish. In the very act of appealing to reason he assumes that reasoning has a more than physiological validity. His failure to see the logical implications of what he asserts is surprising in a man capable of so much careful analysis. He apparently fails to see that if there is no such thing as mental life, if all so-called thought is merely and strictly mechanical, the concept of truth itself becomes meaningless. In other words : if behaviourism is true, the statement that behaviourism is true can have no meaning. If behaviourism is true, Dr. Watson and all his works, his zeal for the experimental method, his easy scorn of the " introspectionists," are nothing but the mindless product of a mindless mechanism, an elaborate network of mechanical responses to stimuli. That he would cheerfully assert as much of Shakespeare's Sonnets or Beethoven's Symphonies cannot be doubted ; but why not of behaviourism itself ? If behaviourism is true, neither we nor its exponent can know it to be true. For knowledge is impossible without consciousness, and, as we have seen, there is no room for consciousness in the behaviourist's scheme. He cannot " know " his theory to be true ; he cannot even " think " that it is true ; he cannot " think " at all. Thought, knowledge, truth, even " hokum "—in the light of behaviourism all such expressions are seen to be meaningless. The behaviourist denies the only reality of which he has direct experience, namely his own mental existence, or consciousness ; and he affirms, with the most credulous assurance, the validity of facts known to him only at second-hand, by report of his senses. It is as if a physicist should say : " I have no micrometer here. It is an instrument of the most delicate precision and the results I get with it are infallible." This odd situation is brought about by the behaviourist's passion for objectivity. It is possible, in logic, to entertain the hypothesis that other people's psychological behaviour is mindless and mechanistic ; but it is not possible to believe the same of one's own. It is possible, in other words, to doubt the existence of all other minds in the universe ; but it is not possible to doubt that doubt itself is a mental operation.

GERALD BULLETT

ANCIENT ECHOES

I.—THE ANIMAL WISDOM OF INDIA

[Belonging to the clan of Materialists, **Llewelyn Powys** has been investigating the variants of his school of philosophy in different lands, and in this article gives the result of his investigation of the Atheism and Materialism of old India.

It is the glory of this country that on its soil, from time immemorial, have flowered philosophical schools ranging from the materialistic Charvakas to the highly spiritual Vedantins. There is no country equal to the Venerable Aryavarta for the liberal-minded to browse in.

The six schools of Indian Philosophy known as Dharsanas represent six view-points ; these are the cardinal points of the intellect—East, West, North, South, Zenith and Nadir. Here as elsewhere, now as in ancient times, restricted human minds have accepted the truth only from one school and the view from one particular cardinal point ; but there are also those synthesizers of knowledge, the real Mystics, Occultists and Theosophists, who not only value the six points of view, but going to the centre, which is the source of them all, see the spiritual verity at the back of the world-process. This highest or seventh school is known as *Gupta Vidya,* the Secret Knowledge referred to by Sri Krishna in the *Bhagavad-Gita,* sometimes called the Esoteric Philosophy.

To Llewelyn Powys one particular point of view makes appeal, namely, that of the Hedonist. He makes reference to his friend **Mr. E. H. Brewster,** author of *The Life of Gautama, the Buddha,* and a lover of the divine wisdom of India, on which theme he writes this month.

We present these two articles and leave the reader to discern whatever there is of practical value in two fundamentally opposed points of view.—EDS.]

What can be known, can be known without metaphysics and whatever needs metaphysics for its proofs cannot be proved.

With such brisk words does an eminent contemporary philosopher clear the air for the reorganization of modern society. Many of us have learned to give the scantiest attention to the various claims of religious and metaphysical idealism, realizing as clearly as we can count our fingers the absolute obscurity that surrounds the ultimate questions of which they treat. To me it seems that the "simple-minded" materialists are those who are best deserving of our trust. Their interest is concentrated exclusively upon the here and now, and as for such fancies as saints and angels they regard them as unworthy of a wise man's consideration, seeing that even if such beings do exist their influence upon earth is negligible. The materialists hold with Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury that the only angels we are ever likely to see wear petticoats. Indeed they take their stand with the honest Frankeleyn in Chaucer :—

> Wel loved he in the morn a sop of wyn,
> For he was Epicurus owne son
> That held opynyoun that pleyn delite
> Was verrily delicitee perfyt.

This impression of the pragmatical advantages of materialism, to say nothing of its probable

approximation to the nearest substitute for truth that human beings can reasonably expect to reach, has encouraged me year after year to search out the pronouncements made upon it by thinkers of every race. Having lately completed my researches into the Hedonistic Schools of China, detained specially by that bland master Yang Chu, I turned to India, remembering Sancho Panza's proverb, " Where you least look for it there starts the hare."

Recalling conversations I had had in Capri with an artist, who was also a student of the religious wisdom of India, I wrote to him for a list of books that would be relevant to my purpose. In due course I received an answer written from a mud hut somewhere in the foot-hills of the Himalayan mountains. This habitation of mud and leaves was not far, so he informed me, from the great high road to Tibet along which, month after month, year after year, and century after century, pious men continually travel. He was, he wrote, sitting in the forest with above his head a band of monkeys chirping and chattering in the tall trees, through a cleaving of which a mountain temple was visible. " I can see it shining near the top of the mountains perhaps a thousand feet higher than my hut which has an altitude of 7,000 feet."

I wrote to him again urging him to regard my inquiry more seriously and suggested that he accost one of the itinerant pilgrims and put my question to him. Last week I received a second letter in which my gentle friend assured me that he had taken a pilgrim by the hem of his garment, but that the religious man had scarcely slackened his pace, merely responding to my friend's interrogation with the mysterious syllable, " Om ! Om ! Om ! " as he hurried forward impatient for salvation.

Foiled of his purpose Mr. Earl Brewster now remembered a Vaishnava devotee who lived in a monastery behind the gleaming mountain temple, and his appeal to this Sadhu was crowned with success for the learned man was conversant with every one of the blunt doctrines for which I was looking—with the teachings of the sage Kapila, with the teachings of the ritualistic sceptic, Kumarila, with the logoi of Agit of the hair-blanket, to say nothing of the more scurrilous table-talk of the Chārvāka. The Vaishnava devotee, in fact, allowed me with the utmost generosity to take advantage of his scholarship though he could not refrain from appending to his erudite summary of this animal wisdom of India the following note :—

> The position of the materialists is one of utter foolishness. In India when a baby is being born a drum is often beaten through the village to ease the woman's travail and the old proverb " The drum sounds through the village though the baby is already in the lap " might well be applied to these philosophers who having the immortal in their hearts yet remain still blind guides with heads as thick and obstinate as so many buffaloes.

My gratitude for his help was so great that I took his reproof in good part ; glad enough to learn of Indian meditations that were still

close to the rice fields, easy to be understood, and at the same time, profound. Without this Holy Man's good offices I doubt if I would ever have fallen upon Indian atheists which are as rare to be met with in his land as are dead donkeys in English lanes. Converts to this unpopular way of thought are called Lokāyatikas, because they are misguided enough to believe in the ordinary every-day reality which is called Lokāyata. They are also referred to, if ever any one has occasion to refer to them at all, as Chārvākas or the disciples of Chārvāka, a philosopher whose name occurs in the *Mahābhārata* and who regarded reliance upon the super-natural as misplaced, an illusion invented by man to still the frights incident to his consciousness. Little of this man's wisdom remains, but what we have is apt to hinder the righteous, like small gravel in their sandals, causing such pious persons most grievously to limp. Ultimately the Lokāyatikas derive their conclusions from a still more ancient sage, Cānāde, who without any device for accentuating sense perception, with the same amazing penetration that Democritus showed, declared that the ultimate substance of all physical phenomena was atomic. Cānāde's writings are held in high respect though they have not been regarded as canonical by the orthodox. "The whole world," he asserted, "with its mountains and seas, consists of substances composed of parts disposed to union : as cloth is woven of a multitude of threads." Beyond this marvellous arras of Maya, so express and so sublime, lie the vast canopies of an infinite transcending all comprehension by our ordinary senses. "It being possible for an object to be too great or too small to be distinguished." It may well be that the ancient Hindus of the stricter sort were fully justified in regarding the Sūtra of Cānāde as a possible source of heresies, schismatic sects like the Jaina and Pāsupāta deriving from it their frowardness. For these offshoots often the principles of Cānāde produced thinkers who did not hesitate to speak out. However erroneous they may consider their views, there are, we imagine, few students of Indian literature who would not come upon these bold utterances with the same sense of relief that a lost traveller might experience on finding a downright track in the middle of an interminable plain, obscured by clouds of fog and mist and whistling like a child's top with ghostly voices.

The Lokāyatikas are never tired of asserting that the only sound method of obtaining knowledge is through sense-perception, and that the only reasonable end of man is personal happiness. The four elements—earth, air, fire, and water—when mingled subtly together have the power of producing consciousness, just as inebriation is produced by mixing ingredients. Thought is implicit in matter. "Matter can think. Death is the end of all." An exasperated cry of protest rises from the idealists as they sit cooling their heels in their lotus pools of illusion. "How can such things be ?" Across the languid water-lilies comes the saucy answer : "As the liver

secretes bile so does the brain secrete thought." "But what about the authors of the Vedas?" "They were buffoons, knaves, and demons!"

These jolly Lokāyatikas living in their forest hermitages, in their "tapovanas," with the sunshine for ever sliding from one large elephant leaf to another, learned to know life as well as their native cuckoos that carelessly laid eggs, scarlet as the combs of cocks, in every nest, making the forest from earliest sunrise echo with their irresponsible shouts. For these philosophers, as for Lucretius, freedom from the Gods meant freedom from fear and materialism and a declaration of rights as to the independence of the individual. At death there is a final liquidation of all. What is of earth in a man returns to the earth, what is of the water returns to water, what is of the fire returns to fire, and what is of the air returns to the air. The senses vanish into space as when a child's iridescent soap-bubble is broken. "Wise and fool alike when the body dissolves are cut off, perish, do not exist any longer."

Under such a dispensation what is there for a wise man to do? In later years Omar Kháyám exhorted us to "drink wine, rob in the high ways and be benevolent," and Chārvāka is no less clear :—

> While life remains let a man live happily, let him feed on ghee even though he runs in debt. When once the body becomes ashes, how can it ever return again?

Because suffering is as common as grass upon the earth we need not turn our faces away from life in despair, seeking for consolation in fanciful futures. Fishes have scales and prickly backbones but we do not therefore refuse to eat them. "Men do not refrain from sowing rice, because there are wild animals to devour it; nor do they refuse to set their cooking pots on the fire, because forsooth there exist beggars to pester them for a share of the contents...There is no hell. There is no pain but earthly pain, of the same kind that a sharp thorn can give... the only Supreme is the earthly monarch whose existence is proved by all the world's eyesight; and the only liberation (Salvation) is the dissolution of the body." From all this it is plain men and women can do nothing better than to dance in the sunlight like flies for a fugitive hour. There is not a single priest who girds at our common reality who has not a firm trust in the tick of the kitchen clock, and not a metaphysician who flouts at the physical world who does not every hour pay practical deference to its verity. How admirably has the most penetrating thinker of our time summed up the shameless inconsistencies of idealists!

> We are not asked to abolish our conception of the natural world, nor even, in our daily life, to cease to believe in it; we are to be idealists only north-north-west or transcendentally; when the wind is southerly we are to remain realists ... I should be ashamed to countenance opinions which, when not arguing, I did not believe. It would seem to me dishonest and cowardly to militate under other colours than those under which I live.
>
> LLEWELYN POWYS

II.—THE DIVINE WISDOM OF INDIA

It is evident from Mr. Llewelyn Powys's essay on the "Animal Wisdom of India" that he enjoys the discourse as much as the followers of Divine Philosophy, whom he derides; and so his championship of materialism helps the play to continue. But I remember too well our joyous discussions, to which he refers, and his sensitiveness to nature and the exquisite tenderness and compassion which his writings in general have, to accept him as a materialist. They show where his real worship is given; nor does his praise of the sensuous prove anything to the contrary. Both Albert Schweitzer and D. H. Lawrence refer to this worship, which is theirs also, as "reverence for life." I believe that nowhere else has this religion of life awareness been so grandly and completely realised as by the Rishis of India.

When the body lies dead before us we grieve for an absence of life which eludes all the crucibles of the materialists. What the sensuous seek is not really matter but that enjoyment of *consciousness* which is so completely and absolutely something else. The bliss of consciousness is the goal of all life: but the "sensualist" experiences it in a less degree than does the mystic. The latter comes to know that all life is divine, that there is nothing but the divine; he watches the play of life, or the evolution of the world, and knows that for fuller, even unto cosmic awareness of it, there must be discipline of the lesser that the greater may come to be.

Mr. Powys objects to metaphysics; but materialism in the minds of its most acute devotees, the scientists, has to-day arrived at an interpretation as metaphysical and abstract as any which he thinks obstructs the ultimate questions.

It is as important for the student to know the differences between Eastern and Western thought as to know their similarities, otherwise we of the West read our own meanings and place our categories into Eastern conceptions in a way that is misleading. Nor must we forget the richness and diversity of Hindu thought. To speak of its being this or that, is as little appropriate as referring to European thought in such a way. Here I can write only very briefly of what seems to me most important and generally much emphasized in some of the various systems of Hinduism.

The religion from which Mr. Powys is reacting, I feel, is narrow and restricted, without true catholicism, vital awareness and the profound psychology of Hinduism; it did not enrich itself by embracing the research which rose beside it. Hinduism on the other hand has synthesized within itself the discoveries of her protestants, of her materialists, idealists and the vital experiences of her yogis. Distant from the superficial India of Western veneer the truer India continues accessible so far as we have the understanding to enter it. Increasingly seekers from the West find there their guidance: Yeats, "A. E." and D. H. Lawrence come to mind.

Lawrence confessed that he had been always a worshipper of Shiva and his Dance ; the psychological basis of Lawrence's works being found in Hindu psychology, as is evidenced by his book *Psychoanalysis, or Theory of the Unconscious*. These conceptions he asserted underlay all his writing. I have found Hindu students of Yoga who regard him as the truest yogi of the West. I look upon my friend Powys as another such lover of life : he does not find its simple pleasures appalling because he brings to them a mind already far on the way of appreciation, so much to be welcomed and cherished. If this world of the senses is so beautiful, why should he not have faith that an increased awareness will include a greater, even a more satisfying beauty ? Surely he does not wish to limit that awareness.

I greatly wish that he would pursue his study of materialism in Hindu thought further. He does not note in his article that the Saṁkhya philosophy contains not only an elaborate theory of materialism of great influence but that it postulates as well the eternal existence of the *purushas* whose freedom is the goal of Saṁkhya thought, and for whose service it believes matter to exist. In the Upanishads and in most of the great doctrines descending from them is a conception of matter worthy his deep devotion : it is a conception permeating much of Hindu thought, but which has been ignored or misunderstood generally in the West. For there, even as Western science is coming to regard it, matter is considered as force and life. Even if we admit that consciousness may come forth from matter, what else does that imply but that consciousness has been involved in it by something superior to both ? From where do the varied forms of the world come ? What is that which is using matter for its expression ? Western science knows not how to explain variation, the abrupt coming into life of new species, greatly differing from the old. According to Kaṇāda the development of matter is due to spirit having entered into it. As the Christ declared : "Strike the stone and there am I."

Prakṛti is the Hindu term for that which includes matter and everything which is in the manifested universe : it is an emanation from the Eternal Brahman. The terms Prakṛti and Shakti are used somewhat interchangeably. Shakti is defined as that Conscious Creative Force which produces all things. Indeed our very Mother ! She is the first emanation from Brahman, the mover of his emanation or Lila. She is the will and vital force. It is she who effectuates all things, who brings forth the seed to a mighty tree, who creates the delicate flower and the starry heavens, who grants us all our desires. Through her unlimited power we shall reach the highest. Surely we can trust ourselves utterly to Life, the Mother, the Mahashakti, so infinitely wiser than ourselves, so much closer to us than human parent. How can we fear death or the changes of the outer world when we must see that all are in her care ? We are now at the periphery of her play and because of ignorance feel a separation from the divine which is not real, and therefore we suffer ; but with the

coming of a greater awareness and knowledge we shall participate accordingly in our oneness with Brahman—the conscious bliss of true being—Chit-Sat-Ananda. If we truly reverence life then we can trust ourselves completely to it.

This worship of life as a manifestation of God, as the Mother, gives to Hinduism an all-embracing reality which does not fail one in times of suffering. The terrible is not ignored and overlooked but included as part of the Mother : Nature has her violent, tempestuous, quick and hard moods which those who love her learn to accept even with gratitude as a working out of the divine Lila and for our welfare. Suffering is accepted by the Hindu devotee as a message to show him the way. Through the unlimited power which is Shakti, we are bound to reach the highest state of being, our progress depending upon the degree of the renunciation of our limited selves unto her. Desires obviously must be renounced if aspirations of a different nature are to be realized. But that does not mean a renunciation of life, on the contrary it means a giving up of the lesser that the greater life may come to be, the life of divine and cosmic consciousness : it means a removing of the hindrances of the ego that the light from within may shine unimpeded. Hinduism contains a profound psychology of the way to the highest realization which Shakti can effect within us. This is represented as the return of Shakti to Brahman, their union constituting the bliss of enlightenment : it is the highest sublimation of the vital force.

In the *Ṛg Veda,* Shakti as the Mother declares : " I fight for man, I pervade heaven and earth." " I wander like the wind bringing forth all things." In the profound allegory contained in the *Kena Upanishad,* where the elements are unable to function, it is Shakti alone who is able to reveal to the gods the Brahman underlying all else. In the *Bhagavad-Gita* it is said : " Prakṛti does everything. He who thinks ' I act ' is mistaken." Sri Ramakrishna, the devotee of the Mother under her aspect of Kali, taught : " Get Shakti and she will give you Sat [the highest reality] ."

There is no conception of life which I find as satisfying as that of the Lila—that life is the Play of Brahman. This play or Lila is described as Brahman's contemplation of his own nature. It is symbolized by the Dance of Shiva, by the music of Sri Krishna's flute. It is a creation in bliss and joy as the artist creates, a making manifest of that which existed potentially. Why else should He who possesses all things within Himself manifest ? Life is not a chaos but always the expression in form of a plan or idea. An apple seed produces according to that form of the Lila inherent within it, or to use another Hindu term of great significance, according to its *dharma,* the law of its development. Similarly men, gods and the solar systems work out their destinies—a Lila guided by the conscious force of Shakti. It is the nature of Brahman to outbreathe and inbreathe the worlds —even as it is the nature of the bird to sing. The highest reach of thought sees this world as his divine

play. As we become more awakened we shall enter into the bliss of that Lila. How can we fail to see this play and to be aware of the player when we contemplate the vast and ordered cosmos, witnessing solar systems and the birth, evolution and destruction of worlds, or when we study any of the natural sciences? What is matter but a mere something which the supreme consciousness produces and uses as its instrument of expression?

A great seer of modern India, Sri Aurobindo Ghose, has most beautifully epitomised in the following words much of what I have been trying to say: "What is God after all? An eternal child playing an eternal game in an eternal garden."

The emphasis of beginning with Shakti is said to be the true Yogic discipline, while the Vedantist begins with intellect (*buddhi*). It must be admitted too that some Hindu and Buddhist thought, regarding life as undesirable or illusory, upholds the ideal of its complete renunciation; but the *Gita* represents the ancient Hindu wisdom more truly, I believe, in upholding action, renouncing only the clinging to the fruits of action, while the highest ideal of Buddhism is that of the Buddhas and Bodhisattvas who would continue in life to aid in its spiritual evolution. If we accept the world as an emanation or play of Brahman and truly aspire to conscious union with Him, then that union should include both His manifested and unmanifested aspects, both the active and the inactive, the eternal silence and the sound, a participation in the Lila with the fullness of spiritual consciousness.

The basis of the divine wisdom of India is to be found in the actual experience of her Rishis, verifiable today as in the past. What is most fundamental in that revelation is the teaching of the unity of all life. Even as Plato declared, the intention of unity is the beginning and end of philosophy. Everywhere and in everything is Brahman in his completeness, more closely related than man and his speech. He is the essence of our being. "Thou art That" is the highest teaching. The Upanishads declare that "He is the pure basic consciousness by the light of which everything shines." In these scriptures, He is again and again declared to be that absolute Bliss which is the beginning and end of the world. "That which one cannot think with the mind but by which they say the mind is made to think, know that alone to be the Brahman," is a description found in the *Kena Upanishad*.

It seems to me that this unity which we ascribe to the macrocosm is the most verifiable, undeniable experience of each of us, the microcosm. What is that of which I am more certain than anything else, and of which everything else which I experience is but a modification? Of course it is consciousness. Matter, atoms, rays, radiations and waves—it cannot be denied that in the last analysis these are mere figments of my imagination and even if they related to something outside of me, they are related only according to my very limited power of sense response. Not in the world outside of us are the precious light, sound, smell,

taste and touch which we know ; out there are only rays or something which the power of consciousness turns into that which we experience. The rays of the sun fall upon lower forms of life which can only respond to them with a sense of warmth, but our consciousness is so far awakened that light itself can rise in response. It is within our consciousness that the sun exists and shines, *there* are the million of light years, not outside us, man himself is the astronomer. Thus the Buddha said :—

> Verily, I declare unto you, my friend, that within this very body, mortal though it be and only a fathom high, but conscious and endowed with mind, is the world, and the waxing thereof, and the waning thereof, and the way that leads to the passing away thereof.

Closer than hands or feet, back of our consciousness is the infinite Brahman " by which the mind is made to think " ; in Him, and therefore within us, is all power, all knowledge, all bliss, and everything which ever was or ever will be. To gain union with that Brahman, our truest Self, is the goal of Yoga. To glimpse our unity with Brahman is to be aware of our immortality. The *Katha Upanishad* thus expresses it :

> The self-existent pierced the openings of the senses so that they turn outwards ; therefore man looks outwards not inwards into himself ; some wise man, however, with his eyes closed and wishing for immortality, saw the self behind.

How this union with Brahman, and thereby an awareness of all life, is to be achieved, is the general message of the divine wisdom of India.

E. H. BREWSTER

The first of the above two articles values the things of this world ; the second is permeated by the atmosphere of other-worldliness. But matter and spirit are two poles of one Reality ; the connecting link between them is intelligence. In the article which follows the reader will find the Human Wisdom of India. It stresses the value of the Home where both the worlds meet.—EDS.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE IN ANCIENT INDIA

[Dewan Bahadur K. S. Ramaswami Sastri is the writer of that interesting and much commented upon article, Lālitya and Nāgaraka, which appeared in our issue of August 1936.—EDS.]

Whenever Oriental love is referred to there arises before modern minds a vision of *purdah* and love-philtres, of potions and charms, of amulets, of spells and incantations. But the real Oriental love is just like love the world over—a sweet and sudden evanescent vision of heaven on earth. Love in India has the elements of passion and of mystery that characterise love in the West. We can realise this from literature in Sanskrit and the Indian languages. My aim here is less to present a picture of Indian love and marriage down the centuries than to draw attention to certain aspects which we hardly see, partly because the scales have not fallen from our eyes and partly because, as so often happens, it is nearest to us.

Even J. J. Meyer whose *Sexual Life in Ancient India* exhibits in general more research than insight, says :—

> Woman, above all as a loving wife and tender mother—woman, that is, in her most natural and fairest calling—has nowhere else found greater and more heartfelt appreciation ; in most literatures, indeed, far less.

Indian literature exalts marriage and chastity and requires a high standard of purity in men as well as women. Mr. Meyer says :—

> Marriage, therefore, comes from the inspired seers, it is divine even if men fall behind it—a great and fine thought and of deep truth.

He speaks, however, of "sexual union not from the fire of love but only during the *ritu*." In India love always had its glow, though it was not a burning fire. Mr. Meyer is one of many who have not realised this.

Love in India is not wanting in that exaltation and joy which is assumed to be characteristic of Occidental love. I can cite passage after passage from Indian literature that parallel Occidental poems in glorification of love. We hear much about the loves of Menelaus and Helen, Æneas and Dido, Lancelot and Guinevere, Tristram and Isolt, Paolo and Francesca, Romeo and Juliet and other star-crossed lovers. It is a pity that we hear less about the loves of Pururavas and Urvasi, Nala and Damayanti, Satyavan and Savitri, Rama and Sita, Krishna and Radha, Udayana and Vasavadatta, Madhava and Malavika and others. Indian poets make legitimate love more beautiful and romantic than illicit love, but Indian lovers also feel the transfiguration of the universe by amatory passion. Pururavas says :—

> I do not value so much the overlordship of the universe under one white umbrella and with the footstool shining with the gems of the diadems of prostrate kings as I do my being the servant of the flower-soft feet of my beloved Urvasi.
>
> (*Vikramorvasiya*)

The following stanza in Bhanudatta's *Rasamanjati* reveals an

interesting aspect :—

> The raising and withdrawing of the eyes of a pure and high-souled wife do not travel beyond the ends of the eyes and have no purpose beyond enkindling the love of her husband. Her smile travels not beyond her lips ; her words do not go beyond the ears of her lord ; her anger is but a rare guest and even if it arises in her breast it sinks again into her pure and loving heart.

There is a story in the *Mahābhārata* that long ago love had not risen above lust and that it was Svetaketu who introduced rectitude and refinement into sex-life. (*Âdi Parva*, chapter 128.) Âpastambha refers to him as a *rishi*. (*Dharma Sutras*, 1, 2, 5 and 6.) The seers who sang the relation of the human soul to the universal soul saw also the intimacies of interrelated human souls. It is a special trait of the Indian genius that pure spiritual personages expounded not only ethics and metaphysics (*dharma* and *moksha*) but also economics and erotics (*artha* and *kama*). Is it not better for a sage to deal with the latter rather than for a selfish or a sensual man to do so ?

It is assumed without basis that reverence for womanhood is a plant of Western growth that can never take root in Eastern soil, much less produce charming flowers or delicious fruits. Yet the treatment of women is the acid test of a nation's civilisation. A great ancient civilisation like that of India could not have been wanting in this primary quality. Reverence for womanhood may show itself in one way here and in another elsewhere. A cynic once said that in the West it takes the form of worship of the fair young woman. In the East the reverence takes the form of the worship of the mother. Sir Thomas Munro, fair-minded observer, wrote :—

> If a good system of agriculture, unrivalled manufacturing skill, a capacity to produce whatever can contribute to either luxury or convenience, schools established in every village for teaching reading, writing and arithmetic, the general practice of hospitality and charity amongst each other, *and above all, a treatment of the female sex, full of confidence, respect and delicacy* are among the signs which denote a civilised people, the Hindus are not inferior to the nations of Europe, and if civilisation is to become an article of trade between the two countries, I am convinced that this country [England] will gain by the import cargo.

It is generally thought that in India all marriages take place without an element of choice by the parties concerned and even before they arrive at the age of discretion. This is a wrong notion. The Gândharva system of marriage was well known. Vatsyāyana says in his famous *Kāma Sutras* :—

> The fruit of marriage is intense mutual affection. Therefore the Gândharva form of marriage, as it is based on mutual love and is natural and is founded in joy and has no destructive preliminaries, is the best form of marriage.

This is stated also in the *Âdi Parva* of the *Mahābhārata*, chapter 73, verse 4 and chapter 172, 19. But it was recognised and taught that pre-puberty marriage has advantages which help the soul-life, though it is behind the post-puberty marriage so far as the immediate appreciation of elective affinity is concerned. It is significant that in all marriages the bridal pair are asked to look at the

star Arundhathi, because the ideal marital life is that of the Sage Vasishta and his wife Arundhati, whether the marriage be before or after puberty.

Further, even in the case of the marriage of princes and noblemen, to whom the Gândharva form of marriage was allowed and among whom it was frequent, the parental voice had often a predominant influence. Indian works on individual and social ethics lay down that a young man must complete his education (*srutavān*) and must be a celibate (*aviplutabrahmacharya*). When Prince Siddhārtha, who afterwards became the Buddha, sought the hand of Gopâ, her father Dandapâni, the Sâkya nobleman, said :—

> Our family custom is that a girl should be given in marriage to one who is skilled in arts (*silpajna*) and in arms (*yuddhajna*). How could I give my girl in marriage to a prince who is not an expert in arts and arms ?

Prince Siddhārtha had to show that he excelled in both to win his suit. This is described beautifully in Sir Edwin Arnold's *The Light of Asia*.

Even in that form of Hindu marriage wherein love precedes, it was laid down that before the marriage there should be a proper cultivation of the mind leading to an ethical attitude towards life, and that after the marriage the man and the woman should have the *rishi* ideal before them in addition to a life of refinement and rapture. This was not all. In every form of marriage the primary desire is for noble children. A woman is a bright ray from the divine, but must not men and women feel that children are far lovelier, nobler and purer and more divine than they ? Men lose their bloom early in adult life owing to the fierce stress and strain of competition. They suffer an inevitable coarsening of their inner fibre owing to continuous hard knocks in life. Even women, who lead a more sheltered life—and nowadays even such shelter is gone—lose their bloom of form and feature owing to the desire to outshine others in dress and decoration, the desire for social leadership and other fierce desires. The professional, industrial and political life of modern times has dragged women nearly as much as men into the dusty, crowded, restless thoroughfares of life and quickened the pace of deflorescence. The world would be a dreary place but for children and flowers. A well-known Sanskrit stanza says that the bright fruits of the creeper-like beauty of womanhood are delight and offspring. (*Rati Putra Phalā Nāri*)

Indian marriages, however, did not have as their only objective the birth of children. It is true that Kalidasa describes the kings of the solar race as entering into the married state for the sake of children. He did so to emphasise the importance of that fruit of married life which is likely to be given a secondary place owing to natural love of immediate sense-delights. He desired to contrast the earlier kings of the solar race with King Agnimitra who trod the primrose path of dalliance and to whom women were the means of pleasing the appetite. Kalidasa knew

—who better ?—that it is woman who brings into life the spirit of delight. But he never tired of saying that she brings into life something more than her own charm, namely a finer, a more divine flower of sweetness and purity in the shape of children.

Kalidasa, with his marvellous knowledge of the human heart, has stated another remarkable characteristic of love. The birth of a child, who claims a large portion of the love of each parent, does not lead to diminution of the parents' love for each other but, on the contrary, to its intensification and sublimation. He says in his *Raghuvamsa* (Canto 3, Verse 24) :—

> The love between them which, like that of the Chakrāvaka birds, was of a heart-entrancing character and led to their being wrapped up in each other became increased in relation to each other, though it was divided by their child.

The Indian leaders of thought stressed also another aspect of married life. It is the children that link up the generations. A son alone can offer oblations to the *manes* of departed ancestors. The pleasures of wedded life are no doubt sweet. But they must have an end. Nay, the joys of sex-life take their departure much earlier than life itself. It is the arrival of children that robs decay of its sting and death of its terror. It is the children that ensure the father and mother a place in the honoured group of ancestors.

There is yet another aspect of Indian love. In a beautiful stanza in the *Rāmāyana* Dharma is compared to a wife. It says that Dharma in its stages of self-evolution begets Dharma (righteousness) and Artha (wealth) and Kāma (love) and is comparable to a loving and lovely woman with children. The simile is given because, as the commentator Govindaraja explains, a woman of a loving and obedient nature enables the performance of Dharma by taking part with her husband in discharging the obligations of life ; she evokes his sense of joy (Kāma) by her beauty, and adds to his wealth by presenting him with children who work with their parents and add to the family property and prestige. The Hindu idea is that righteousness, wealth and joy are the triune gifts of woman to man. In fact the righteous Eros inspires woman with a desire to perform all the social duties without clipping the wings of delight. Kalidasa shows in his famous *Sakuntala* that even in the Gândharva form of marriage, founded on mutual choice based on love, the glory and dignity of married life consist in the glad discharge of the duties of life by man and wife and in their leaving a noble son to carry on the family tradition and serve the people. The advice of the Sage Kanwa to his daughter Sakuntala before he sends her to meet her lord is famous. A well-known stanza says that the gem of all dramas is *Sakuntala*, the gem of *Sakuntala* is the fourth act, and the gem of that act is a quartette of stanzas one of which advises the bride to serve her elders, please her lord and be kind to her servants, and never to be proud or overbearing in her behaviour, and adds that such women are pets whereas others are pests.

The gifts of Eros are not different,

whether in a pre-puberty or a post-puberty marriage. The *Rāmāyana* relates that Rama and Sita were married when they were very young (*Bālām Bālyena Samprāptām*), and that Rama was all the fonder of his wife because she was his beloved father's choice for him. (*Prīyā to Seetha Rāmasya dārāh pitrikritah iti.*) Though thus he married her when he and she were young and though there was no element of mutual choice or love at first sight, yet the joy of love came to them in abundant measure. Their hearts spoke to each other, and their mutual affection has led to Rama being called Sitarama and to their love becoming the standard of love for all time and in all climes.

Vatsyāyana refers also to courtship, which may surprise some, because in India to-day we find only the making of mutual presents by the elderly relations of the pair. Vatsyāyana's Kāma-Sutras show refinements of courtship which may well be reintroduced into our social life. He says that a *bâlâ* (girl) should be wooed by sharing in her sports and a maiden by a display of skill in the fine arts. A lover should give his beloved the things that she fancies. The wooer must be faultlessly dressed. A clue is given to the lover as to whether his love is returned. If the maiden is unable to look him in the face, or looks at him with sidelong glances, he can infer that she likes him. It may be thought that the prevalence of the joint family system and the theoretical permission of polygamy in India are opposed to the mutual bliss of lovers. But in well-conducted joint families, the reverence for the elders did not rob married bliss of its charm but intensified and purified it and prevented it from the corruptions of morbidity. Further, polygamy was the privilege of kings and nobles and hardly ever existed among the middle and lower classes. Even among kings there were refined and noble royal lovers like Aja and Rama. If among the middle or lower classes a second wife was married, it was generally at the instance of a first wife who was barren.

I may here mention the obsession of the Indian mind by astrology in the matter of marriages. It is not merely the stars that hold the destinies of lovers in their hands. Vatsyāyana refers to omens and oracular voices. (*Daivanimitta sakuna upasrutlisenam ânulomyena kanyâm varayed dadyâchcha.*) An earlier Sage, Ghotakamukha, says that human choice alone should not decide a marriage and that suprahuman tests should be used to ensure happiness, prosperity and longevity. In practice suprahuman tests have a subtle readiness to adapt themselves to human tests. There is a general appeal to Mandavya Rishi who emphasises the importance of mental satisfaction. Apastamba says that some sages hold that the golden rule is that one should marry a girl on whom both his heart and eyes are set. (*Yasyām manaschakshushoh nibandhah tasyām riddhih netharam ādriyeta iti ekē.*)

K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

EASTERN RAYS ON THE WESTERN SKY

I.—RADHAKAMAL MUKERJEE ON ALBERT SCHWEITZER*

Every great religion has stood for a type of morality and a code of virtues. The ardent search for God becomes one with service to fellow-men so that the fullness of God's experience and the expansion of personality through goodness and love become identical.

Albert Schweitzer develops the distinction between Indian and European thought, in that the former stresses world and life negation as the latter is concerned with world and life affirmation. The author compares further and observes that the Indian world-view is monistic and mystical while that of the European is dualistic and doctrinaire.

Schweitzer's fundamental assumption is that the mysticism of identity cannot be ethical. *Brahmanic* mysticism, he tells us, has nothing to do with ethics. It is through and through supra-ethical. Many Western students of Indian philosophy from Deussen to Keith have misunderstood Upanishadic mysticism and characterised it as having little significance for ethical conduct, and the present author forms no exception.

The main doctrine of the Upanishads of *Tat Twam Asi, i.e.,* man finds himself in all Beings and sees all Beings in himself, is not divested of ethical significance. As a matter of fact, all the Upanishads stress that the true fulfilment of the Self, by which it can identify itself with everything and everybody, can be reached by preferring the path of the Good to the path of the Pleasant, by banishment of all desire, and by perfect tranquillity of mind. We read in the *Brihadaranyaka* :—

> One should live a life of peaceful self-control, of cessation from activity, of patient suffering ; having collected himself, one sees the Self within himself ; evils cease to have any power over him, for he has overcome all evil ; sin ceases to torment him, for he has burnt all sin ; free from sin, free from impurity, free from doubt, he becomes properly entitled to the dignity of the Brahmana.

The idea that the world is meaningless or unreal, which the author attributes to the mysticism of identity, is foreign to the Upanishads where we find activism extolled, as in the following maxim from the *Isha-Upanishad* :—

> Man should try to spend his life-span in the constant performance of actions.

Activism is prescribed, but attachment to acts is to be abjured. In the higher stage of contemplation man reaches beyond the boundaries of all relativities including good and bad, activity and inactivity. The Supreme Joy that is associated with the highest realisation of Truth is also the attainment of Goodness and Beauty. *Satyam, Sivam* and *Sundaram* are bound together in ineffable union. In the highest contemplation the ground of metaphysics, morality and mysticism is the same, and for the mystic the wealth of the world of the senses or of appearance is *not* destroyed, but becomes one branch of the vital tree of the profound spirit.

Similarly Buddhism accepted the disciplinary code of the four life-stages of Brahminism and stressed the *Silas* provided by the Noble Eightfold Path. Buddhism, though emphasising that this life on earth was full of sorrow because of desires, thus preached activism. The positive side of the Buddhist endeavour is represented by the eight paths—(1) Right views (free from superstition and

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* *Indian Thought and Its Development.* By MRS. CHARLES E. B. RUSSELL. (Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., London.)

delusion), (2) Right aspirations (high and worthy of the earnest, intelligent man), (3) Right speech (kindly, open, truthful), (4) Right conduct (peaceful, honest, pure), (5) Right Livelihood (bringing hurt or danger to no living thing), (6) Right effort (in self-training and self-control), (7) Right mindfulness (the active, watchful mind), (8) Right Rapture (in deep meditation on the realities of life).

Schweitzer regards Buddha as one of the greatest ethical men of genius ever bestowed upon the world, but finds his ethics incomplete. He argues that ethics can never derive from world and life negation. According to him the ethical premises the taking of interest in the welfare of beings that belong to this world, and this regard for terrestrial affairs points to world and life affirmation, however slight the tendency towards it may be. In the Eastern view morality originates from the need of fulfilment of the Self and in highest self-fulfilment the self becomes identified with the world and life and yet transcends them. In mysticism and monism compassion and love do not, therefore, as Schweitzer contends, subsist on the absolute difference of one's own ego from that of another. In fact, true mystical insight abolishes the difference between one's Self and another and identifies all love which the living being feels for the dear ones, as love of the Self. Thus when Yajnavalkya pleaded to his dear wife Maitreyi that her love for her husband is merely the love for *Atman*, he preached a doctrine which combines with the principle of activism. Buddha's exaltation of compassion and love also flowed from a view of world phenomena similar to that of the Upanishads. In Mahayana Buddhism the Bodhisattva through a long and arduous course of discipline in all-abounding compassion and charity and the meditation of vacuity abolishes both Self and not-Self. Mahayana Buddhism identifies the world order as the home of the immortal, and posits the Buddha nature in all sentient, suffering creatures. It thus beautifully combines mysticism with ethics, the stimulating charity and sacrifice of the continental Buddhists and their experience of mystery in the world order and of beauty in the realm of nature through these long centuries.

India prefers to realise Morality in conduct, and Beauty and Joy in inner life through the sense of truth. The world and society are no alien things, they are parts of ourselves. The infinity of the Self includes them all. The Self alone is beyond all relativities and it is from the Self that emanates the true meaning of world and life, the substance of morality and the essence of beauty.

RADHAKAMAL MUKERJEE

II.—MAX PLOWMAN ON HARI PRASAD SHASTRI*

That the intuitional wisdom of the East and the scientific knowledge of the West should achieve a new and satisfying synthesis is perhaps the greatest of all the needs in a needy world to-day. How is it to be brought about? Will a book like this help? And if so, how much? Unfortunately, the ordinary scientific mind of the West seems to acquire, by its training, a very glib tolerance of Eastern thought. Indeed, the heart of the difference between the methods of approach to truth lies in the fact that what is sought is different *in kind*. It is insufficient to say that the Westerner is consumed with pride of intellect, as he so often seems to his Eastern brother; just as it is mere caricature to regard the Easterner as satisfied with the contemplation of his own navel. Each, in fact, is seeking truth of a kind; but the important thing for each to realise is that the kind of truth sought by the other is different from his own. In a

* *Wisdom From The East.* By HARI PRASAD SHASTRI. formerly Professor of Philosophy at St. Chong's College, Shanghai. (Frederick Muller, Ltd., London. 5*s*.)

word, intuitional truth differs from scientific truth, and what we want is the clearest possible discrimination between them in order that their perfect essential similarity may become manifest.

On the one hand, surely it is time Science acknowledged the value of intuition as absolute. That I feel such and such a thing, is a fact, absolute and immutable, and remains a fact, absolute and immutable as the stars, though every psychologist in Europe should know what I feel to be the expression of fantasy. This fact—that I now feel something—is indisputable, even though I may feel the opposite in another moment. Therefore this fact must be acknowledged and included in any scientific comprehension of the Universe; and the acknowledgment of the validity of such a fact is the acknowledgment of Intuition by Science as a valid quantity.

On the other hand, it cannot be immaterial to any mind that any fact concerning the exterior world should enter that mind. However profound the intuitional wisdom, the facts of science are of profound importance to it; for these facts are real to our mortal lives and capable of so transforming our environment that the activities of our lives may be vastly changed by them, and not at all necessarily changed for the worse. Indeed, it were a kind of spiritual indolence and perverse atavism that would permit the wisest of Eastern sages to ignore the facts of science on the ground that wisdom has been revealed and that the wisdom which satisfied the God-realising sages of the past was sufficient for all time. For we act in Time, even though we only truly live through the realisation of Eternity; and if "Eternity is in love with the productions of Time" it is not merely our privilege, but our duty, to experience the progress of Time through the increase of scientific knowledge, and thus equip ourselves for the task of increasing the joy of Eternity. That is surely the meaning of Jesus's parable of the Talents. The interior needs to have perpetual currency with the exterior if it is not to become static, sterile and moribund. And again, the exterior needs the perpetual re-animation of the interior if it is not to become a meaningless desert of intellectual abstraction.

Professor Shastri in a collection of lectures to students upon the teachings of the Upanishads, has made it his business to answer in the simplest terms the most fundamental questions. The book makes delightful reading, for within its scope the author moves at ease among concepts that have long baffled men and still continue to baffle them. It is a book to be commended to those to whom it is dedicated: "To all enquirers of Spiritual Truth in the East and West." Simple minds perplexed by Western theology will find any amount of helpful clarification in Professor Shastri's frank exposition: to such it will prove of real value. But I doubt if the writer has done what is really required: in fact, I think that instead of separating the intuitional from the scientific, he confuses them; and as illustration of my complaint, I quote the following:—

> The Rishis say, "From This (Absolute) the world was born." Now, how was it born? To find out the true meaning of one verse of the Vedas and to understand it we have to refer to many verses. It came into existence in the same manner that God by means of his thought projected the sun, moon and universe, in the beginning of this Kalpa or great life-period of our solar system. Now, the existence of a life-period shows that creation did not take place in its entirety at one time; but as by the systoles and diastoles of the heart the blood goes first to the left ventricle and then to the right ventricle, so creation is projected out of God, and when projected survives for some millions and billions of years. Then slowly it is re-absorbed and followed by a period of seeming inactivity in which God (Absolute) alone remains, sunk in His almighty majesty and splendour for aeons and aeons, until for some inexplicable reason another creation is projected forth.

Inexplicable reasons are not, of course, worth presenting to anybody. Still, we can accept the statement as valid analogy. It accords with William Blake's last words in his "Jerusalem":—

> All Human Forms identified, even Tree, Metal, Earth & Stone: all

Human Forms identified, living, going forth and returning wearied
Into the Planetary lives of Years, Months, Days & Hours : reposing.
And then Awaking in his Bosom in the Life of Immortality.

Yet I doubt very much the wisdom and efficacy of such a statement as Professor Shastri's. The process he is describing can only be truly understood after a long period of interior spiritual gestation. To present it as elementary factual knowledge seems to me to be an attempt to invert the order of true growth in wisdom.

That, in fact, is my criticism of the book as a whole. It presents the sum of spiritual experience almost with the ease and finality of a ready-reckoner. That may be very misguiding ; for spiritual truth needs spiritual experience in which to discover its roots, and it is insufficient to present the flower with but little suggestion of the infinite travail by which the roots of spiritual truth were formed, and by which alone they can be formed.

MAX PLOWMAN

Work and Rhythm—Food and Fatigue. By E. ROLAND WILLIAMS. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 2*s*.)

Two things stand out in this book. First, the value of the unification of knowledge as instanced by the author's interest in " Bionomics," the relationship between Biology and Economics. Secondly, his recognition of rhythm, or periodicity, as one of the fundamentals of life. Students of *The Secret Doctrine* will welcome this presentation of its second Fundamental Proposition. Examples are given of its action in the bodily organism, and of its application in the more natural society of the past. Our industrial civilisation has lost the rhythm of old-time labour ; but as an unconscious adaptation to the stress and fatigue caused by loss of rhythm through overproduction, it has changed its nutritional ways. There is an increased use of stimulants and " refreshers," tea, coffee, alcohol, etc., to postpone or offset the effects of fatigue. There is a greater use of carbohydrates, the " restorative " foods, which are easily utilised " fuels," sugar being the most important. There is the instinctive attempt to combat fatigue by speeding up the cycle of meal times, *i.e.*, smaller and more frequent meals.

To our complex and exacting environment may be due " a ' subconscious ' drain upon tissue resources in the form of ' tension '—a habitual increase of muscular 'tone' " which changes the rate at which the stomach empties itself. Emotional stress, hurry and anxiety upset the rate of emptying, and also the amount of acid secreted by the digestive glands. Too rapid a rate together with an excessive amount of acid may cause the latter to digest the stomach lining, if no food be present to work on. Fewer, smaller meals are therefore a palliative. Must we always force the pace on all sides, can we not return to simpler, slower, more natural rhythms ? Despite however the armament fever and the tendency to depend on dietetic stimulants there are signs of a growing desire for the true antidote to fatigue, found in rest, rhythm and natural living.

So far the book is intensely interesting but it lacks one chapter. It offers no suggestions how to apply rhythm to-day, how to gain and maintain, even in the midst of turmoil, the equal-mindedness that keeps the balance in the body's rhythm. That equipoise comes from Self-knowledge, and therefore Theosophy adds to its fundamental proposition of the periodicity of life, two others, for all three are needed to show the meaning and the right use that should be made of life. Let us hope for a second, enlarged, edition of this little book.

W. E. WHITEMAN

The Human Soul in the Myths of Plato. By THE EDITORS OF THE SHRINE OF WISDOM. (The Shrine of Wisdom, London. 3*s*.)

A famous Orientalist once called mythology "a disease of language which springs up at a peculiar stage of human culture." But as the authors of this book point out, "all great religions and philosophies have made use of myth and allegory for veiling, and at the same time revealing to those who have eyes to see, their profoundest truths." This is because "the soul's intuitive faculty responds immediately to the mystical truth expressed in a myth, and even when the reasoning mind cannot explain and analyse the aspects of truth which are presented, yet the soul feels them to be true because the wonder and beauty of these ancient myths and fables touches the very depths of her being."

Plato, "one of the greatest masters of the art of myth-making...deliberately employs myth and allegory in his dialogues for imparting the knowledge of the deeper mysteries of life." He describes how the human soul, "self-motive, uncreate, beginningless, and immortal," suffers disturbance by her descent into generation, which so obscures her vision of truth that, instead of seeing realities she sees only the appearances of things.

> It is only by proceeding, in a mystical sense, from the ONE that she can become fully self-gnostic and self-conscious, can come to know her relation to the One and to the All, and can take her true place in the fulfilment of the Great Purpose by lifting up nature to super-nature through the processes of art, in its real and widest sense.

Any implication of fatalism or determinism in connection with the soul is disclaimed. "In a mystical sense both Necessity and the Fates are within the soul, for she makes her own joy and her own sorrow, forges her own fetters, and breaks them again when she attains to liberation from the bondage of matter."

This version of the nature of the soul, its evolution and its destiny, is but an echo of the ancient Wisdom-Religion of which Pythagoras and Plato were the earliest expounders in the Western world. In this book, small in size but rich in quality, the editors have made indeed a worthy offering at the Shrine of Wisdom.

N. K.

The Early Buddhist Theory of Man Perfected : A Study of the Arahan. By I. B. HORNER. (Williams and Norgate, Ltd., London. 12*s*. 6*d*.)

The author distinguishes two phases of early Buddhism, the teaching of Gotama and the teaching of Monastic Buddhism. Although the two phases cannot be kept very clearly apart, since the earliest texts are largely fruits of monkish labours two centuries after Gotama, Miss Horner finds evidence for the view that the concept of the *arahan* changed as time went on and became more rigid in the hands of Monastic Buddhism.

She is quite right in the view that original Buddhism did not deny the existence of the self and that the *arahan* concept is "a vindication of the rights of *attā*, the self." *Nibbāna* did not mean extinction of the self, but waning of wrong states of mind which lead to rebirths. The word for *nibbāna* was deathlessness or *amatā*. It was under Monastic Buddhism that this waning came to be understood more comprehensively as the waning of the stuff of existence, and the doctrine of *anattā* or not-self came to occupy a more prominent place in Buddhist thought. In fact, *nibbāna* came to mean the waning of the self. But while Miss Horner is quite right in this distinction, she goes too far when she argues that for original Sākya *arahatta* was not something finished, the end of a process, but that it implied "an infinite going,...an infinite improvement, enrichment, and development of the self." None of the reasons she gives for this appear to us at all convicting. Some of the reasons interspersed through the book may be summarised and refuted *seriatim* :—

(1) Gotama made an advance upon Upanishadic philosophy by emphasising *becoming*. Man was not God-like but he could *become* God-like. This becoming implied that there was to be no static being. The original idea is that of "a process, dynamic and unending, of a man continually going beyond what he is at present."

(2) "*Pāra* (beyond) as an attribute of changelessness is in direct opposition to the Buddhist view that everything, including man, is in a state of continual flux."

(3) "For Sākya, the arahan as man perfected was not *nibbānagata*, gone to *nibbāna* : his bourn, his destiny, his *gati* (going) was as unrevealed as is the course of birds in the air." The implication is that the goal cannot be reached in this life and that it is infinite in scope.

(4) There was for Gotama no horror of rebirths or of becoming. The view was held that "life upon this earth was but an opportunity, as one of many lives, for so becoming as ultimately to achieve perfection." Arahanship here and now is the offspring of Monastic Buddhism.

(1) We can make allowance for Miss Horner's predilection in favour of becoming. That is her personal view. But all the ancient systems of Indian thought, Buddhism included, agree that the goal of human effort must be *final release*, and that this is possible here and now. Our human existence carries that privilege, and the ultimate goal can be attained if we are sufficiently earnest. The author herself admits : "For Gotama, if a man followed the training, if his will was set towards the highest Good, if it had been so set for many life-spans, then he could become here and now an arahan." The notion of an endless progress, the notion of a goal that constantly recedes as it is approached, and the notion of a crossing to the beyond where the crossing is "ever prolonging" is foreign to all schools of Indian thought, no less than to all rational thinking.

(2) The contention that there is a direct opposition between *pāra* understood as an attribute of changelessness and the Buddhist view of reality as continual flux would render quite meaningless any theory of man perfected. Monastic Buddhism did not think so. And the reason is plain. Perfection may be conceived as consistent with the continued existence of the self or it may not be so conceived. It may imply the spiritual well-being, security and deathlessness of the self ; and it may equally imply the dissolution of the self. In either case, it was thought beyond doubt that the flux should be capable of being arrested or ended so far as man's own destiny is concerned. There must be a condition of being when the individual is finally released from the cycle of birth and death. This alone is the justification for regarding Buddhism as a religious system and not merely as a philosophical theory acceptable to the intellect.

(3) Miss Horner herself has provided in another part of the book an answer to this objection. Gotama was silent about the ultimate destiny of arahans, because arahanship was regarded by him as its own reward or as the goal itself. He was not unaware of the goal. He avoided mere speculative questions and revealed only those things which he considered "would be to the profit of the Order, or would constitute the rudiments of the good life or conduce to nibbāna." There is no suggestion anywhere that he regarded the goal either as infinite or as incapable of being achieved here and now. If it *could not* be achieved here and now is there any certainty that it would *ever* be achieved ?

(4) Gotama, more perhaps than other religious teachers of India, regarded life as full of misery, and release from birth and death as our highest goal. Becoming was not considered by him as an opportunity for indefinite advancement of the soul to an unknown destination, but as an evil to be rid of. Indeed, the full consummation was supposed to require "a process of very long duration" and consistent effort for many lives, but the whole arahan theory was undoubtedly "based on the belief in the perfectibility of man

here and now." The formulæ which describe arahanship clearly indicate that cessation of becoming is the very essence of it. "Destroyed is rebirth," "this is my last birth, there is no further becoming for me," etc.

The book is interesting, but there is no doubt that the author has approached the subject with a Western bias. Her attitude is brought out by the following statement :—

> We of to-day either do not believe in the chain of rebirth, or if we do, are not so much afraid of it (since we regard it as a field for progress and development towards something better than we are now, rather than as an unbearable burden).

She may be right according to her lights. But this is not Buddhism original or later. It is a sentiment which no important Indian system of religious thought will endorse.

G. R. MALKANI

Origin and Early History of Saivism in South India. By C. V. NARAYANA AYYAR. (Madras University Historical Series No. 6, 1936. Rs. 5 or 10*s.*)

This book is the result of investigations carried on by the author as Research Fellow of the Madras University between January 1928 and June 1929 under the guidance of Dr. S. Krishnaswami Aiyangar. Unfortunately, when the research was made sufficient was not known about the Mohenjo-Daro civilisation. Accordingly the book is based on the old presupposition that Hinduism owes its origin primarily to Aryan and Sanskrit sources. The studies now going on in regard to the Mohenjo-Daro civilisation promise to revolutionise this view, and it may well be that treatises such as the one under consideration will have to be rewritten to trace the origin of Śaivism as well as other forms of Hinduism to earlier non-Aryan, and possibly Dravidian, sources.

The book suffers not only from this basic defect but also from the fact that very little material is as yet forthcoming for a historical study of Śaivism. Much of the evidence the author produces for the earlier part of his work is internal, *i.e.*, based on a study of the texts themselves, and when it is remembered that the texts were often interpolated by later writers and inextricably mixed up with myths and legends, one is left in doubt about the certainty of this method leading to sure conclusions. It must at the same time be admitted that this method appears at the present time to be the only one possible in this sphere, and the author has done service in collecting together whatever data he could.

Śaivism is here traced to the Rudra worship of the Vedas. According to our author this storm-god was not only fearful and destructive, as generally believed, but also good and benevolent. At the time of the Brāhmaṇas, Rudra assumed a terrible aspect as the punisher of those who failed to perform rituals according to prescribed rules, and during the period of the Upaniṣads with the rise of the view that the Spirit of the Universe (Brahman) was one with the Spirit (Ātman) within the individual, belief in gods was held to be not necessary except among the religious, some of whom raised Rudra to the status of the Supreme God. In the *Mahābhārata*, Śaivism developed side by side with its rival Vaiṣnavism as a *bhakti* cult, each with its own special votaries who had not yet developed any hostility for each other. Indeed some were so tolerant at this time as to hold that Śiva and Viṣnu were but two different names for the same Supreme Being.

Śaivism of the type found in the *Mahābhārata* was prevalent, according to our author, even in the southernmost corners of the country, as the earliest Tamil literature amply testifies, and the author confesses that it is fruitless to ask when these ideas came into the southern country, "for the truth seems to be that there is no evidence of a time antecedent to their coming (p. 107)." At the same time the conventional view that Śaivism did come to the south from the north

is maintained. If it so came, as it might have, one would expect to be told what the religion of the south was prior to this, and how it influenced Śaivism as Śaivism influenced it. Till research is carried on in this very interesting and important field, no account of Śaivism in the South can be regarded as adequate.

A certain amount of dissatisfaction is apt to be felt because no light is thrown also upon other gaps in our knowledge of the early history of Śaivism—how, *e.g.*, Rudraism developed into Śaivism. The only efforts made to link up the two is by dubious etymology, where we are informed that *rud* from which the name Rudra may have been derived means "suffering" which this god drives away; and *śo* from which Śiva is said to be derived means "attenuate" or "make thin," and as both gods were conceived of as driving away suffering or sin, they were identified. The conclusion is far from convincing for there were also other gods who were thought to drive away evil. Another development of Rudraism is that associated with the conception of Paśupati which figures very prominently in later Śaiva philosophy. Paśupati means "Lord of cattle," and it may well be that the worship of the storm god, Rudra, here came in contact with a pastoral religion which it assimilated or which assimilated it. But no attempt is made to face this problem.

The author is more in his element when he has material ready for his investigation, as in the second half of the book where he deals with the Śaiva Nāyanārs from the works ascribed to them, gives an account of the contents of the *Tirumandiram*, and fixes the date of the Nāyanārs as follows :—Maṇikka-vāśagar 660-692, Sambandar 644-660, Appar 600-681, and Sundarar for 18 years between 1710 and 1735. This part of the book will be of interest chiefly to scholars in this field.

There are a few interesting suggestions made by the author. One is that the Śiva liṅgam is only a concrete emblem of the invisible Spirit and never was the phallus. A chapter is devoted to a discussion of this important question and it is sought to show both by texts as well as by the shape of the liṅgas in temples that the liṅga in Śaivism has no phallic significance or origin. From the fact that every Śiva temple even to-day regards a tree as the *kṣētra vṛkṣa* or the temple tree, it might be concluded that these trees were sacred in themselves and worshipped. As against this our author suggests that the tree provided shade for those who worshipped at the shrine in days when there were no temples, and thus they came to be inseparably associated with the Deity and only so regarded as sacred. Another suggestion which does not appear so acceptable is in regard to Śiva dancing amongst corpses in cemeteries. He says in this connection that some people are moved to worship when they are faced with repulsive forms. If the terrible forms of some gods and goddesses are worshipped it is not, one is inclined to think, because they are repulsive, but because they strike the worshipper with fear and awe.

Very little has as yet been written on the subjects dealt with in this book. It is a pioneer undertaking and therefore necessarily difficult of accomplishment. The author is to be congratulated on his work which we are confident will stimulate further enquiry and lead to fuller knowledge of the early history of one of the greatest living sects of Hinduism.

BHARATAN KUMARAPPA

The Measure of Life : An Introduction to the Scientific Study of Astrology. By RAYMOND HARRISON. (Stanley Nott, Ltd., London. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

Addressed to "the sceptical not to the credulous," Raymond Harrison's volume "contains a fairly correct and popular account of the principles regulating the predictive branch of Astrology and their practical application. The first ten chapters are devoted to a description of preliminaries such as the nature and characteristics of planets, etc. The remaining ten forming the latter half of the work deal with the relation between planetary combinations, aspects, ownerships, and the values and possessions of life, like health, family, profession, prosperity, adversity; the concluding chapter explains the "Philosophy of Astrology."

Indians unsophisticated in Occidental influences have always accepted the value and validity of Astrology, and if his book is to them a case of *porter de l'eau à la rivière*, Mr. Harrison should not regard them as unsympathetic or uncharitable. Time was when in India astrological experts could predict the occurrence of daily events, but now, astrology has fallen on evil days owing to the existence of quacks. Still there is the extensive mass of literature awaiting scientific examination, with which, however, Mr. Harrison's acquaintance does not seem to be intimate or even adequate.

It is positively misleading to say "Mars...being natural lord of the 1st and 8th houses in every map" (p. 81), as the lordship is restricted to those signs of the Zodiac, and unless Aries were also the ascendant at birth (*Lagna*) such a description would be inaccurate and incorrect. In an atmosphere of profundity, it sounds highly artificial and incorrect to be told that "a person is said to be born *in a sign* when the sun is placed there at birth, and to be born *under a sign* when that sign is rising." (p. 83.—italics mine). The fact is that there are *three* supremely significant standpoints from which a chart or horoscope has to be examined. Calculations have to be made starting from the *Lagna*, or *Janma-Lagna* (*ascendant*), secondly, from the *Chandra-Lagna* (sign occupied by the moon), and *Surya-Lagna* (that occupied by the Sun). The difference between "to be born in a sign" and "to be born under a sign" is just that between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Such expressions show that Mr. Harrison's grasp over Indian Astrology is not firm.

Notwithstanding modern attempts to bring together East and West, in most life-values, and life-patterns the two are standing decidedly apart to-day. Should East be East and West West in astrology? In the concluding chapter Mr. Harrison argues that "life has a meaning and that there is a rational explanation" of things. This argument is too airy. But when he observes that "a star many millions of miles away may be of more importance to us personally than say some person with whom we are in actual contact," he grows amusing; and when he shirks answering a definite question whether Mr. Brown was fated to die as the result of a taxi accident, he is becoming comic. Let me answer in terms of Indian Astrology. *Planets and planetary positions and combinations at birth just indicate the life to be lived*, that is, the outcome of previous actions done in previous existences. It is a grievous error to suppose that Planets drive one to success or failure. In *Laghu-Jataka*, Varahamihira says: "Yadupachitam-anya-janmani ... tasya-karmanah-praptim-vyanjayati-sastrametat" (*i.e.*, Astrology indicates what has been earned in earlier lives to be lived in subsequent existence). The thermometer *indicates fever*, but does not create it. I am unable to understand Mr. Harrison's "free-will, limited of course, and conditioned by its environment (p.288)." In using that delightful "of course," Mr. Harrison gives his whole case away. Yet, I admit he has written a readable Introduction to a difficult science.

R. NAGA RAJA SARMA

CORRESPONDENCE

CENSORSHIP AND THE B.B.C.

The question of literary censorship has again stirred in its secular sleep, awakened by the cheerful harkaway of Mr. James Douglas in a contemporary journal. Once again that John Peel among moralists has aroused a reputed fox from his lair in the morning editions, and once more the hunt—a little less unanimous than of old—are galloping after his view-halloo. (All fox-hunting terms here used are at once strictly copyright and inaccurate !)

We need not perhaps linger too long over this particular chase. Let us wish Mr. Douglas good sport, plenty of capping-fees and a satisfactory kill. After which the victim may be thrown to the hounds, and we trotting home peaceably after a good run may have leisure to ponder the problem of blood-sport in literature or stated in terms of its immediate application, "Should there be a literary censorship for broadcasting ? "

That the B.B.C. must exercise some discrimination both in the literature which it broadcasts and to which it calls attention, is obvious. The responsibilities cast upon the Corporation by its vast public are such that it must weigh its words, as an alternative to the painful process of continually swallowing them. Some choice is, therefore, inevitable. The question is upon what principles shall that choice depend ?

It has always been the contention of a certain school of writers that there is no connection between ethics and art. Another has maintained that art and morality are two facets of one truth, as witness the pictures of the Renaissance. Again, there are those who hold propaganda in literature is the ghost without Hamlet. To these purists are opposed a prominent contemporary school who believe that art which does not express a Communist doctrine is merely roming aimlessly while the fiddle burns.

Ought the B.B.C. then to insist on complete freedom of moral, or amoral expression, or ought they, on the contrary, to apply some moral standard, such as, for example, is upheld by the Censor of Plays, of whom it was observed,

> C is the Censor. He keeps the stage clean
> By ruling out God and the Crown as obscene.

Or again, leaving morality to look after itself, are the B.B.C. required to supervise, or alternatively to ignore, the political character of any given literary effort ? Ought they, for example, to encourage Mr. Stephen Spender to become a second and more bigoted M. Malraux, or ought they sternly to send him back to the schoolroom to acquire the rudiments of political economy and of political intelligence ?

This, like most of the problems which confront the B.B.C., is because of the material in which the Corporation work, so novel that the past affords little guidance. Yet, as the elder sister in *Cranford* often and justly observed, "experientia does it." We may still learn something from previous attempts to restrain freedom of expression on either moral or political grounds.

As to the former ground, it should be remembered that something like complete prohibition of literary alcohol existed during the Protectorate. This was succeeded by a debauch in the Restoration. To be decent in the days of Vanbrugh and Farquhar was not merely to be dull, but to be dangerous. As well admit yourself a Roundhead at once as describe an upright man or a virtuous one. This roaring licence wore itself out with the prunes and prisms of the eighteenth century. Observe,

though, that no sumptuary legislation enforced a stricter code. England had quite simply become tired of undiluted smut. The huge blue pencil of public boredom quietly eliminated pornography.

To this succeeded again without statutory enactment, except that contained in the vague and little understood provisions against blasphemy and obscenity, the Victorian era of Pharisaical prudery. No love, except what was lawful, was recognized. Sinners, even by seduction, such as Little Emily in *David Copperfield*, fled wailing into the night, accepting the prevalent view that to be seduced was worse than a crime ; it was the last act of a melodrama. All unmarried persons were virgins, and children, it might be assumed, there being no overt evidence to the contrary, were autochthonously born in the absence of both their parents from home.

This fundamental change was, let it be repeated, effected and controlled by no other censorship than that instituted by public taste. That such a state of affairs could have existed at all is almost incredible and that it should have lasted for the best part of a century is as near to being proof, as is needed, that repression may safely be left to the general conscience.

It is true that George Moore heralded a revulsion of a marked and even violent nature. Nor can we be sure that the swing has reached its limit. Still the young—and those who seek to propitiate them—write as though the sex-life of contemporary England would set the least conscientious hen in the farmyard clucking with shame. If, however, we are honest, we shall find that we are beginning to be fatigued by so much vice and so little sense. We begin to long for a couple shamelessly (and happily) living in open monogamy. We are even driven to turn the sugar-sweet pages of *Winnie the Pooh* as an antidote. Inexorably, after another Restoration orgy, the pendulum is swinging back.

Cannot the B.B.C., therefore, permit the wretched thing to take its course? It is suggested that for two valid reasons it both can and should. In the first place it is not a publisher and, therefore, escapes the difficulty of deciding whether a book such as, say, *Ulysses* should or should not be given to the world. Indeed, unless two or three days could be devoted to its broadcasting this Leviathan would defy them. The second reason is that good art and bad morals cannot live together. Beauty dwells with kindness, as Shakespeare observed, and deliberate ugliness, or savagery, automatically fails as literary expression.

Obviously a thousand voices will be raised to refute so controversial a platitude. What is bad morals, they will ask, and what is beauty, they will continue? As to that the answer to those in their vicious circle is that bad morals are bad art and that the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it. By which is meant that if the B.B.C. will continue to judge literature and art on their merits as such they need not censor either morals or politics. That will be a problem of which they will increasingly find, they can say, "Solvitur somnambulando."

London. HUMBERT WOLFE

ENDS AND SAYINGS

AGELESS WISDOM

Man is a king, dethroned, and cast out from his kingdom ; in chains and in a dungeon.

Man is a cave-dweller though he calls his cavern the world.

Man is a gnome, condemned to forced toils, in the kingdom of darkness.

Man cries aloud in desolation, a poor captive beating his life out against the bars.

Then quietness falls on the struggler's soul ; he learns that the prize may be his, as soon as the price is paid ; and he learns that the price is himself.

There is that which is sweeter than melody, and more joyful than joy.

What is that treasure that lies within ?

Two oracles there are, graved in the shrine of the heart :—The first, Thou, Man, art the heir to fulness of life. The second, No life that is bounded can ever satisfy the soul.

The heart of a beggar will not be content with half the universe ; he is not born to a part, but to the whole.

The door may be opened in life ; it may be opened by death : but there is a death which will not open the door.

He who would drink the essence must dare to possess it pure ; must willingly throw aside the dust-covered treasures of earth that harboured its flavour before.

The first strong day of power repays in full the weakness of ages.

All the air resounds with the Presence of the Great Spirit.

All mortals shrink into echoes—faint, distorted, jarring. But listen beyond the echoes to the singing souls—the immortals are no other than the mortals themselves : today in promise, hereafter in consciousness and life.

These Divinities have universal aims ; when the silence falls upon us, we can hear Their Voices, pointing out the Path which transforms the body of earth into the Body of Light.

Our Divinities cast the Light on the Path for us and as It grows we see the Light of the Lords of Light.

On that day the august Company of Watchers, Strangers ever to earthly company, shall take for us the place of the poor actors who now usurp the stage.

The grain of incense will fall into the Flame of Wisdom and the sacrificial fragrance will live—the Immortal will become MAN.